

Collated
Perfect.
J.b.L. 1798.

Bussy D'Ambois: A TRAGEDIE:

As it hath been often Acted with
great Applause.

Being much corrected and amended
by the Author before his death.

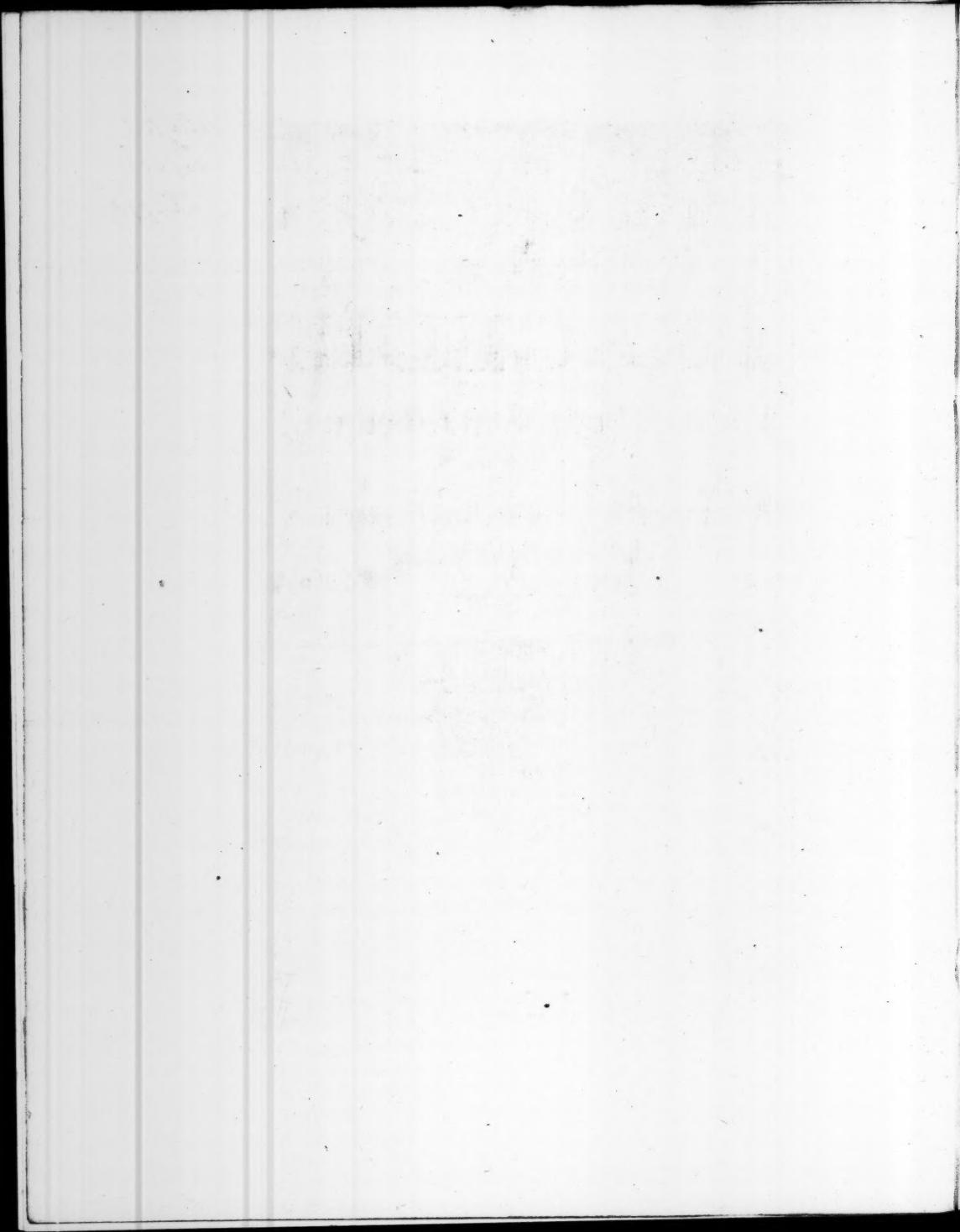
~~This is not the same Play as The Revenge of Bussy
D'Ambois - Vol. 163.~~

See Bussy D'Ambois
Vol. 163 which is
the same Play -
this Edition
being much
corrected and
amended.



LONDON:

Printed by A. N. for Robert Lamm, and are to be sold at his
house next doore to the signe of the Crane on Lambeth
Hill at the end of Old Fishstreet. 1641.





Prologue.

Not out of confidence that none but wee
Are able to present this Tragedie,
Nor out of envie at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly, that
They move with equall feet on the same flat;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
Wee offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review, wee farre from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation)
With this work entertaine you, a peece knowne
And still beleev'd in Court to be our owne,
To quit our claime, doubting our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of spirit
Which we must not subscribe to: Field is gone
Whose Action first did give it name, and one
Who came the neerest to him, is denide
By his gray beard to shew the height and pride

*Of D'Ambois youth and braverie ; yet to hold
Our title still a foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o're, a third man with his best
Of care and paines defends our interest,
As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,
In personating D'Ambois, hee'le appeare
To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent
As heretofore give him encouragement.*

Buffy

Buffy D'Ambois:

A

TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Buffy D. Ambois poore.

Bortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honor on his head ;
Who is not poore, is monstrous ; only Need
Gives forme and worth to every humane seed.
As Cedars beaten with continuall stormes,
So great men flourish ; and doe imitate
Unskilfull statuaries, who suppose
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Stroddle enough, stroot, and look bigg, and gape,
Their work is goodly : to men meereley great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sovernesse of countenance, manners cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawne of Fortune)
Think they beare all the Kingdomes worth before them ;
Yet differ not from those Colosseick Statues,
Which with Heroique formes without o're-spread,
Withinare nought but morter, flint and lead.
Man is a Torch borne in the winde ; a Dreame
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance ;
And as great Seamen using all their wealth
And skills in Neptunes deepe invisible pathes,

In tall shippes richly built and ribd with brass,
To put a Girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (comming neare their Haven)
Are faine to give a warning pecece, and call
A poore staid fisher-man, that never past
His Countries sight, to wast and guide them in :
So when we wander farther through the waves
Of Glasse Glory and the Gulfs of State,
Topt with all Titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private Arme would sphere the earth,
Wee must to vertue for her guide resort.
Or wee shall shipwrack in our safest Port.

Procumbit.

Monsieur with two Pages.

There is no second place in Numerous State
That holds more than a Cypher : In a King
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of *Love*,
His deeds imimitable, like the Sea
That shutes still as it opes, and leaves no tracts,
Nor prints of President for mane mens facts :
There's but a Thred betwixt me and a Crowne ;
I would not wish it cut, unlesse by nature ;
Yet to prepare me for that possible Fortune,
Tis good to get resolved spirits about mee.
I follow'd *D'Ambois* to this greene Retreat ;
A man of spirit beyond the reach of feare,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure Abodes ;
But hee is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to beare state, and flourish ;
In his Rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None lothes the world so much, nor loves to scoffe it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeitt of it.
What, *D'Ambois* ?

Buff. He sir.

Mons. Turn'd to Earth, alive ?
Up man, the Sunne shines on thee.

Buff.

Buff. Let it shine,
I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Mons. Callst thou men great in state, motes in the sunne? &
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the grosse Sicilian Gurmundis) had
Empty their Noses in the Cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the Banquet Fortune sets before thee
And thou wilt loath leane Darknesse like thy Death.
Who would beleev thy mettall could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If *Thebes* had
Had liv'd obscure d thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and Ir his slaves.
If brave *Camillus* had lurckt so in Rome,
He had not five times beene Dictator there,
Nor fourre times triumpht. If *Epininandas*
(Who liv'd twice twenty yeeres obscure d in Thebs)
Had liv'd so still, he had beene still unnam'd,
And paid his Country nor himselfe their right:
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruine, and like burnisht Steele,
After long use he shind; far as the light
Not only serves to shew, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplarie, not only winne
Our selves good Names, but doe to others give
Matter for vertuous Deeds, by which wee live.

Buff. What would you wish me?
Mons. Leave the troubled fireages,
And live where Thrivers doe at the Well head.

Buff. At the Well head? Alas what should I doe
With that enchanted Glasse? See devils there?
Or (like a strumpet) learne to set my looks
In an eternall Brake, or practice juggling,
To keepe my face still fat, my heart still loose;
Or beare (like Damnes Schoolmistresses their Riddles)
Two Tongues, and be good only for a shift;
Flatter great Lords, to put them still in munde

Why

Bussy D'Ambois.

Why they were made Lords : or please humorous Ladys
With a godd carriage, tell them idle Tales,
To make their Physick work ; spend a mans life
In sights and visitations, that will make
His yes as hollow as his Mistresse heart :
To doe none good, but those that have no need ;
To gaine being forward, though you break for haste
All the Commandemens ere you break your fast ;
But Beleeve back wards, make your Period
And Creeds last Article, I beleeve in God :
And (hearing villanies preacht) t'unfold their Art
Learne to commit them, 'Tis a great mans Part.
Shall I learne this there ?

Mons. No, thou needst not learne,
Thou hast the Theorie, now goe there and practise.

Buss. I, in a thrid-bare suit ; when men come there,
They must have high Naps, and goe from thence bare :
A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men
In one poore suit ; Brave Barks, and outward Glosse
Attract Court Loves, be in parts ne're so grosse.

Mons. Thou shalt have Glosse enough, and all things fit
T'enchase in all shew thy long smothered spirit :
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with wings,
To shew her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which if her Favorite be not swift to take,
He loses them forever. Then be wise : *Exit Mons.*
Stay but a while here, and I'll send to thee. *Enter Buff.*

Buss. What will he send ? some Crowns ? It is to sow them
Upon my spirit, and make them spring a Crowne
Worth Millions of the seed Crownes he will send.
Like to disparking noble Husbandmen,
He'll put his Plow into me, Plow me up :
But his unsweating thrift is policie,
And learning-hating policie is ignorant
To fit his seed-land soyl ; a smooth plain ground
Will never nourishany politick seed ;
I am for honest Actions, not for great :

If I may bring up a new fashion,
And rise in Court for vertue ; speed his plow :
The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,
Yet could my Fortune never fit the length
Of both their understandings till this houre.
There is a deepe nicke in times restlesse wheel
For each mans good, when which nicke comes it strikes ;
As Rhetorick, yet workes not perswasion,
But only is a meane to make it worke :
So no man riseth by his reall merit,
But when it cries Clincke in his Raisers spirit.
Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
Mans first hours rise is first step to his fall :
I'le venture that ; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the skie.

Ent. Maff.

Humor of Princes ! Is this wretch indu'd
With any merit worth a thousand Crownes ?
Will my Lord have me be to ill a Steward
Of his Revenue, to dispise a summe
So great with so small cause as shewes in him ?
I must examine this : Is your name D' Ambois ?

Buff. Sir.

Maff. Is your name D' Ambois ?

Buff. Who have we here ?
Serye you the Monsieur ?

Maff. How ?

Buff. Serve you the Monsieur ?

Maff. Sir, y are very hot. I doe serve the Monsieur ;
But in such place as gives me the Command Table Chesbord
Of all his other servants : And because & Tapers behind
His Graces pleasure is, to give your good the Arras.
His Passe through my Command, Me thinks you might
Vie me with more respect.

Buff. Crie you mercy. Now you have opened my dull eies, I see you ;
And would be glad to see the good you speake of :

B

What

6
What might I call your name ?

Maff. Monsieur *Maff.*

Buff. Monsieur *Maff.* Then good Monsieur *Maff.*,

Pray let me know you better.

Maff. Pray doe so,

That you may use me better. For your selfe,

By your no better outside, I would judge you

To be some Poet ; Have you given my Lord

Some Pamphlet ?

Buff. Pamphlet ?

Maff. Pamphlet sir, I say,

Buff. Did your great Makers goodness leave the good

That is to passe your charge, to my poore use,

To your discretion ?

Maff. Though he did not sir,

I hope 'tis no rude office to aske reason,

How that his Grace gives me in charge goes from me ?

Buff. That's very perfect sir.

Maff. Why very good sir,

I pray then give me leave if for no Pamphlet,

May I not know what other merit in you,

Makes his conjunction willing to relieve you ?

Buff. No merit in the world sir,

Maff. That is strange.

Y'are a poore souldier, are you ?

Buff. That I am sir.

Maff. And have Commanded ?

Buff. I, and gone without sir.

Maff. I see the man : A hundred Crownes will make him

Swagge, and disting'ue health to his Graces bountie ;

And I warr' he could not be more bountifull.

So these' eny hundred Crownes bin'd ; here tall souldier,

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred Crownes.

Buff. A hundred pence Nay doth his Highnesse right ;

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps

I may deserve more than my outside shewes :

I am a Poet, as I am a Souldier,

And I can Poetise ; and being well encourag'd

May sing his fame for giving: yours for delivering
(Like a monk faithfull Steward) what he gives.

Maff. What shall your subject be?

Buff. I care not much,
If to his bounteous Grace I sing the praise,
Of faire great Noses, And to you of long ones.
What Qualities have you sir (beside your chaine
And velvet Jacket) Can your worship dance?

Maff. A pleasant fellow faith : It seemes my Lord
Will have him for his Jester ; And berlady
Such men are now no fooles, 'Tis a Knights place :
If I (to save his Grace some Crounes) should urge him
Tabate his Bountie, I should not be heard ;
I would to heaven I were an errant Asse,
For then I should be sure to have the Eares
Of these great men, where now their Jesters have them :
Tis good to please him, yet He take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policie
Will still be grave and serios, lefft he thinkte
I feare his wooden dagger : Here sir Ambo,

D' Amb. How, Ambo sir ?

Maff. I is not your name Ambo ?

D' Amb. You call'd me lately *D' Ambys*, has your Worship
So short a head ?

Maff. I cry thee mercy *D' Ambys*.
A thousand Crownes I bring you from my Lord ;
If you be thrifte and play the good husband, you may make
This a good standing living, 'Tis a Bountie,
His Highnesse might perhaps have beftow'd better.

D' Amb. Goe, y' are a Rascal; hence, away you Rogue.

Maff. What theme you fit ?

D' Amb. Hence, prate no more ;
Or by thy villans blood thou prat'lt thy last :
A Barbarous Groome, grudge at his masters Bountie :
But since I know he would as much aborre
His hinde should segne what he gives his friend,
Take that Sir, for your apñe to difture.

Maff. These Crownes are farre in blood, blood be the fruit.

*qui pour lez vostres, et auz autres, et auz amies, et auz amis
Henry, Guise, Montferry, Elene, Tamyn, Beaupre, etc.
Peres, Charlotte, Pyre, Annable.*

Henr. Duchess of Guise, your Grace is much enricht,
In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her Prims of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions,) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and Command,
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose Ladies are not matchin Christendome,
For gracefull and confirm'd behaviours ;
More than the Court where they are bred is equalld.

Guis. I like not their Court-fashion, it is too crestfalne,
In all obseruance ; making Demi-gods
Of their great Nobles, and of their old Queene
A never-yong, and most immortall Goddess.

Mont. No question shoo'st he rarest Queene in Europe,
Guis. But what's that to her Immortality ?
Henr. Assure you Cousin Guise, so great a Courtier,
So full of majestic and Roiall parts,
No Queene in Christendome may vaunt her selfe,
Her Court approves it, That's a Court indeed ;
Not mixt with Clowneries us'd in common houses ;
But, as Courts should be th' abstracts of their kingdomes,
In all the Beautie, State, and Worth they hold,
So is hers, ample, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man,
With more proportion and expression,
Than in her Court, her Kingdome : Our French Court
Is a meere mirror of confusio[n] to it,
The King and Subject, Lord and every slave,
Dancea continuall Haie ; Our Roomes of State,
Kept like our stables ; no place more observ'd
Than a rude Market-place : and though our Custo[m]e
Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis ne're the less essentially unrightly,
Which they would loone sic, would they change their forme
To

To this of ours, and then compare them both ;
Which we must not affect, because in Kingdomes,
Where the Kings change doth breed the Subjects terror,
Pure Innovation is more grosse than error.

Mons. No Question we shall see them imitate
(Though a farre off) the fashions of our Courts,
As they have ever Ap't us in attire ;
Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leape out of themselves as they ;
Who when they travell to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French suit :
Their Braines lie with their Tailors, and get babies
For their most compleat issue ; Hee's sole heire
To all the morall vertues, that first greetes
The light with a new fashion, which becomes them
Like Apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

Henr. No Question they much wrong their reall worth,
In affectation of outlandish Scummie ;
But they have faults, and we more ; They foolish-proud,
To ject in others plumes so haughtily ;
We proud, that they are proud of foolerie,
Holding our worthes more compleat for their vaunts.

Enter Monseny, D' Ambois.

Mons. Come mine owne sweet heart I will enter thec.
Sir, I have brought a Gentleman to court ;
And pray, you would vouchsafe to dace him grace.

Henr. D' Ambois, I thinkc.

D' Amb. That's still my name, my Lord, though I be someth. altered in attire.

Henr. We like your alteration, and must tell you,
We have expected th' offer of your service ;
For we (in scare to make mird-vertue proud)
Vl not to seeke her out in any man.

D' Amb. Nor doth she use to seeke out any man :
They that will winne, must wooe her.

Mons. I urg'd her modestie in him, my Lord, and gave
her those Rites, that she sayes thee merit.

Henr. If you have wo'd and won, then Brother weare him.

Mons. Th'art mine sweet heart; See here's the Guise's Ducheſſe
The Counteſſe of Mountfureau, Beaufort; come I le enfaſt thee.
Ladies, y'are too many to be in Courtell; I haue here a
friend, that I would gladly enter in your Graces.

D' Amb. Save you Ladies.

Duch. If you enter him in our Graces, my Lord, methinks
by his blunt behaviour, he ſhould come out of hiſelf.

Tam. Has he never beene Courtier, my Lord?

Mons. Never, my Lady.

Beauf. And why did the Toy take him i' th' head now?

D' Amb. Tis leape year, Lady, and therefore very good to
enter a Courtier.

Henr. Marke Ducheſſe of Guise, there is one is not baſhfull.

Duch. No my Lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremitie.

Tam. The man's a Courtier at firſt ſight.

D' Amb. I can ſing pricksong, Lady, at firſt ſight; and why
not be a Courtier ſo ſuddenely?

Beauf. Here's a Courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D' Amb. Think me not impudent, Lady, I am yet no
Courtier, I deſire to be one, and would gladly take entrance
(Madam) under your Princeſty Colours.

Enter Barrifor, L' Anou, Pyrle.

Duch. Soft sir, you muſt riſe by degrees, firſt being the ſervant
of ſome common Lady or Knights wife, then a little higher to
a Lords wife, next a little higher to a Counteſſe; yet a little
higher to a Ducheſſe, and then turne the ledder.

D' Amb. Doe you allow a man then ſou're maſtreſſe, when
the greatest Maſtreſſe is alowed but three ſervants?

Duch. Where find you that ſtatute ſir?

D' Amb. Why be judged by the Groome-porters.

Ducheſſe. The Groome-porters?

D' Amb. I Madam, muſt not they judge of all gamings
i' th' Court?

Ducheſſe. You talke like a gameſter.

Gni. Sir, know you me?

D' Amb. My Lord?

Gni. I know not you: Whom doe you ſerve?

D' Amb. Serve, my Lord?

Gni. Go

Gui. Go to Companion; Your Courtship's too saucie.

D' Amb. Saucie? Companion? Tis the Guise, but yet those
termes might have become spar'd of the Guise.
Companion? He's jealous by this light; are you blind of that
side Duke? Ille to her againe for that. Forth princely Mi-
stresse, for the honour of Courtship. Another Riddle.

Gui. Cease your Courtshipp, or by heaven I'll cut your
throat.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; young *Aescius*
Naevius, doc as much with your tongue as he did with a Ra-
for; cut my throat?

Bar. What new-come Gallant have wes here, that dares
mate the Guise thus?

L' An. Sfoot tis *D' Ambois*; The Duke mistakes him (on
my life) for some Knight of the new edition.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? I would the King fear'd thy cut-
ting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine.

Gui. Ille doe't by this hand.

D' Amb. That hand dares not doe't; y'ave cut too many
Throats already Guise, and robb'd the Reske of
Many thousand Soules, more precious than thine owne.
Come Madam, talk on; Sfoot, can you not talk?
Talk on I say. Another Riddle.

Pyr. Here's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here's a sudden transmigration with *D' Ambois*, out
of the Knights-Ward, into the Dukes-bed.

L' An. See what a Metamorphosis a brave fay can work.

Pyr. Slight step to the Guise and discover him.

Bar. By no means, let the new fay work, we'll see the
illness to day.

Gui. Leave your Counting.

D' Amb. I will not. I say Mistresse, and I will stand unto
it, that a woman may have three servants; a man may have
three-score Mistresses.

Gui. Sirrah, Ille have you whipt out of the Court for this
insolence.

D' Amb. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' presence,
if thou da'r't for thy Dukedom.

Gui.

Gni. Remember, Poultron.

Mons. Pray thee forbear.

Buff. Passion of death! Were not the King here, he should
frown the Chamber like a rush.

Mons. But leave Courting his wife then.

Buff. I wil nottelle Court her in despight of him, Not Court
her! Come Madam, talk on; Fear me nothing: Well maist
thou drive thy Master from the Court; but never D' Amboss,

Mons. His great heart will not down, tis like the Sea,
That partly by his owne internall heat,
Partly the starr's daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the Moone,
Brittled with surges, never will be wonne,
(No, not when th'hearts of all those powres are burst)
To make retreat into his letted home,
Till he be crown'd with his owne quiet some.

Henr. You have the Matc. Another.

Gni. No more.

Flourish flours.

Exe. Guise after him to the King. Mons. whispering.
Bar. Why herds the Lions star'd with the throat of a dung-
hill Cock; a fellow that has newly shak'd off his shackles;
Now does he crow for that victory.

L'An. Tis one of the best Jiggs that ever was acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be true?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizond Lord, and thinks
that suit newly drawne out a th' Mercers books.

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a farr imagination
looking uppon a Bulbaiting, had a vissible paire of hornes grew
out of his forehead: and I believe this Gallant overjoyed with
the conceit of Monsieurs cast suit, imagines himselfe to be the
Monsieur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the Asse, stalking in the
Lions case, bare himselfe like a Lion, braying all the huger
beasts out of the Forrest.

Pyr. Peace, he looks this way.

Bar. Marrie let him look sir; what will you say now if the
Guise be gone to fetch a blanquet for him?

L'An.

L'An. Faith I believe it for his honour sake.

Pyr. But, is D'Ambois carrie it cleane? Excuse Ladies.

Bar. True, when he curvets in the banquet.

Pyr. I marrie sir.

L'An. Shoot, see how he stares on's.

Bar. Lord blesse us, let's away.

Buff. Now sir, take your full view: how does the Object please ye?

Bar. If you aske my opinion sir, I think your suit fits as well as if't had beenes made for you.

Buff. So sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous joylity?

L'An. What's that to you sir?

Buff. Sir, I have observ'd all your fleerings; and resolve your selves yee shall give a strickt account for't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell.

Bar. O miraculous jealousie! Doe you think your selfe Such a singular subject for laughter, that none can fall into The matter of our merriment but you?

L'An. This jealousie of yours sir, confesses some close defect in your selfe, that wee never dream'd of.

Pyr. Wee held discourse of a perfum'd Ass, that being disguis'd in a Lions case, imagin'd himself a Lion: I hope that toucht not you.

Buff. So sir: Your descants doe marvellous well fit this ground, we shall meet where your Buffonly laughters will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For lifes sake let's be gone; he'll kill's outright else.

Buff. Goe at your pleasures, Ille be your Ghost to haunt you, and yee sleepe an't, hang me.

L'An. Goe, goe sir, Court your Mistress.

Pyr. And be advis'd: we shall have odds against you.

Buff. Tush, valour stands not in number: Ille maintaine it, that one man may beat three boyes,

Bry. Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number sir: hee's a Gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and yee shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not sir.

Mely. Not sir: Though he be not so rich, hee's a better man than the best of you; And I will not endure it.

L'An. Not soone for'd

Bris. No sir, nor I.

Bnsf. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfum'd musk-Cats (being out of this privileged) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that sir? Follow us and try.

L'An. Come sir, we'll lead you a dance. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secund. Scena prima.

Henry, Guise, Montsury, and Attendants.

Henry. **T**HIS desperate quarrell sprung out of their envies.
To D'Ambois sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Guise. Neither is worth their envie.

Henr. Less than either

Will make the Gall of Envie overflow ;
She feeds on outcast entrailes like a Kite :
In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurl's it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her Nutriment ; but touch her
With any precious oyntment, and you kill her :
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruits it through the world ;
(Being sound and healthfull) But if she but taste
The slenderest pittance of commended vertue,
She surfeits of it, and is like a flic,
That passes all the bodies soundest parts,
And dwels upon the sores ; or if her squinteie
Have power to find none there, she forges some :
She makes that crooked ever which is strait ;
Call's Valour giddiness, Iustice Tyrannie :
A wifeman may shun her, she not her selfe ;
Whither soever she flies from her Harmes,
She beares her Foe still claspt in her own Armes :
And therefore couisen Guise let us avoid her.

Enter Nuncius.

Nuncius. What *Atlas* or *Olympus* lifts his head
So farre past Covert, that with aire enough
My words may be inform'd ? And from their height
I may be seene, and heard through all the world ?
A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder,
Sticks in my jawes, and labours with event.

Henr. Com'st thou from *D' Ambois* ?

Nun. From him, and the rest
His friends and enemies ; whose sterne fight I saw,
And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou hast seene and heard :

Nun. I saw fierce *D' Ambois*, and his two brave friends.
Enter the Field, and at their heeles their foes ;
Which were the famous souldiers, *Barrisor*,
L' Anou, and *Pyrhot*, great in deeds of Armes :
All which arriv'd at the evenest piecee of eath
The field affor'd ; The three Challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood ranckt :
When face to face the three Defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike,
Like bonfires of Contributorie wood,
Every mans look shew'd, Fed with eithers spirit,
As one had beeene a mirror to another,
Like formes of life and death each took from other ;
And so were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could see no feare of death, for life ;
Nor love of life, for death : But in their browes
Pyrrho's Opinion in great letters shone ;
That life and death in all respects are one.

Henr. Past there no sort of words at their encounter ?

Nun. As *Hector*, twixt the Hosts of Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartane King should end
The nine yeares waire) held up his brasen launce
For signall, that both Hosts should cease from Armes,
And heare him speake : So *Barrisor* (advis'd)
Advanc'd his naked Rapier twixt both sides,
Ript up the Quarrell, and compar'd six lives,

Then laid in ballance with sixe idle words,
Offer'd remission and contrition too ;
Or else that he and *D' Ambois* might conclude
The others dangers. *D' Ambois* lik'd the last ;
But *Barrisors* friends (being equally engag'd
In the maine Quarrell) never would exposse
His life alone, to that they all deserv'd.
And (for the other offer of remission)
D' e Ambois (that like a Lawrell put in fire,
Spak'l'd and spit) did much much more than scorne,
That his wrong should incense him so like chaffe,
To goe so soone out ; and like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes :
So crew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
That *Barrisor* should fight with firie *D' Ambois* ;
Pyrhot with *Aelynell* ; with *Brijac L' Anon* :
And then like flame and Powder they commixt,
So spritely, that I wisht they had beene spirits,
That the ne're shutting wounds, they needs must open,
Might as they open'd, shut, and never kill :
But *D' Ambois* sword (that lightned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed Comet at the face
Of manly *Barrisor*, and there it stooke :
Thrice pluck't he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
From him, that of himselfe was free as fire ;
Who thrust still as he pluckt, yet (past beliefe !)
He with his subtle eye, hand, body, scap't ;
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted Foe so fiercely ;
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great *D' Ambois* shrunke, and gave a little ground ;
But soone return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of *Barrisor* seal'd his anger :
Then, as in Arden I have seene an Oke
Long shooke with tempests, and his loftie toppe
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he gan to Nodde
This way and that : as loth his curled Browes

(Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with stormes)
 Should stoope : and yet , his radicall fivres burst,
 Storme-like he fell , and hid the feare cold Earth,
 So fell stout *Barrifor*, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set Battels in your Highnesse warre,
 'Gainst the sole louldier of the world, Navarre,

Qui. O pitious and horrid murther !

Bean. Such a life
 Me thinks had mettall in it to survive
 An age of men.

Henr. Such, often soonest end.
 Thy felte report calson, we long to know
 On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,
 Met in the upper Region of a Cloud,
 At the report made by this Worthies fall,
 Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
 Entring with fresh powers his two noble friends ;
 And under that ods fell surcharg'd *Brisac*,
 The friend of *D'Ambois*, before fierce *L'Anou* ;
 Which *D'Ambois* seeing, as I once did see
 In my young travells through Armenia,
 Anangric Vnicorne in his full cariere
 Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller,
 That watcht him for the Treasure of his brow ;
 And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
 Nailde him with his rich Antler to the Earth :
 So *D'Ambois* ranne upon reveng'd *L'Anou*,
 Who eyng th'eager point borne in his face,
 And giving backe, fell back, and in his fall
 His fosc uncurbed sword stopt in his heart :
 By which time all the life strings of th'tw'other
 Were cut, and both fell as their spirit flew
 Upwards : and still hunt Honour at the view.
 And now (of all the six) sole *D'Ambois* stood
 Vntoucht, save only with the others bloud.

Henr. All staine outright but hee ?
Nun. All staine outright but he,

Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
(All freckled with the bloud his Rapier rained)
He kist their pale lips, and bade both farewell ;
And see the bravest man the French earth beares.

Enter Monsieur D' Amb. bars.

Buss. Now is the time, y'are Princely vow'd my friend,
Performe it Princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Mons. Else Heaven forgive not me : Come on brave friend.
If ever Nature held her selfe her owne,
When the great Triall of a King and subject
Met in one bloud, both from one belly springing :
Now prove her vertue and her greatnessse One,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true Kings shoule) and for your brothers love,
(Which is a speciall species of true vertue)
Doe that you cculd not doe, not being a King.

Henr. Brother I know your suit ; these wilfull murthers,
Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter & Mysery ! Let the selfe shamed
Should never bear th'account of wilfull murther ;
It being a spicke of Justice, where with life
Offending past law, equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men of wilfull murther
Exceeds all positive law ; and what that leaves
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights)
Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may supply and take.

Henr. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd,
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves,
Law-menders and supplyers though mere Butchers ;
Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven ?

Mons. O no, my Lord, it would make Cowards feare,
To touch the reputations of true men,
When only they are left to impe the law,
Justice will soone distinguishe murtherous minds
From just revengers : Had my friend beene slaine,

(His enemy surviving) he should die,
Since he had added to a murther'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murthered man ;
And this had worthily beene wilfull murther :
But my friend only sav'd his fames deare life,
Which is above life, taking th'under value,
Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him ;
And in this fact only preserves a man
In his uprightness ; worthy to survive
Millions of such as murther men alive.

Henr. Well brother, rise, and raise your friend withall
From death to life : and *D' Ambois*, let your life
(Reft'd by passing through this merited death)
Be purg'd from more such soule pollution ;
Nor on your scape, nor valour more presuming,
To be againe so daring.

Buss. My Lord,
I lothe a mucha deed of unjust death,
As law it selfe doth ; and to Tyrannise,
Because I have a little spirit to dare.
And power to doe, as to be Tyranniz'd ;
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
I crave to double this my short lifes gift,
And shall your royll bountie Centuple,
That I may so make good what law and nature
Have given me for my good : since I am free,
(Offending no Just law) let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her slave :
When I am wrong'd and that law failes to right me,
Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)
And doe a justice that exceeds the law :
If my wrong passe the power of single valour
To right and expiate ; then be you my King,
And doe a Right, exceeding Law and Nature :
Who to himselfe is law, no law doth need,
Offends no Law, and is a King indeed.

Henr. Enjoy what thou intreat'lt, we give but ours. *Exit Rex*

Buss. What you have given, my Lord, is ever yours. *exit Baus.*

Gua. Who

Gui. Who would have pardon'd such a murther? *Exit.*

Mons. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,
For which let this balme make thee fresh and faire,
And now forth with thy service to the Duchesse,
As my long love will to Montsurries Countesse. *Exit.*

D' Amb. To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,
Although in hand for shew I held the Duchesse.
And now through bloud and vengeance, deeds of height,
And hard to be atchiev'd, tis fit I make
Attempt of her perfection, I need feare
No check in his Rivality, since her vertues
Are so renown'd, and hee of all Dames hasted. *Exit.*

Enter Monsieur, Tamara, and Pero with a Booke.

Mons. Pray thee regard thine owne good, if not mine,
And cheere my Love for that; you doe not know
What you may be by me, nor what without me;
I may have power t' advance and pull downe any.

Tamy. That's not my study. One way I am fure
You shall not pull downe me; my husbands height
Is crowne to all my hopes, and his retiring
To any meane state, shall be my aspiring:
Mine honour's in mine owne hands, spite of kings.

Mons. Honour, what's that? your second maydenhead:
And what is that? a word; the word is gone,
The thing remaines; the Rose is pluckt, the stalk
Abides: an easie losse where no lack's found.
Beeleeve it, there's as small lack in the losse,
As there is paine ith' losing: Archers ever
Have two strings to a bow, and shall great *Cupid*
(Archer of Archers both in men and women)
Be worse provided than a common Archer?
A Husband and a Friend all wise Wives have.

Tamy. Wife wives they are that on such strings depend,
With a firme husband joyning a loose friend.

Mons. Still you stand on your husband, so doe all
The common sex of you, when y'are encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancie: all men know
You live in Court here by your owne election,

Frequent-

Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs;
 All the most youthfull company of men :
 And wherefore doe you this ? To please your husband ?
 Tis grosse and fulsome : if your husbands pleasure
 Be all your Object, and you ayngt at Honour,
 In living close to him, Get you from Court,
 You may have him at home ; these common Put-offs.
 For common women serve : my honour ? husband ?
 Dames maritorious, we're were meritorious :
 Speak plaine, and say I doe not like you Sir,
 Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye
 And I am answer'd.

Tamy. Then I pray be answer'd :
 Fer in good faith my Lord I doe not like you
 In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you here :
 Take (with a politique hand) this rope of Pearle ;
 And though you be not amorous, yet be wise :
 Take me for wisdom ; he that you can love
 Is neare the further from you.

Tamy. Now it comes
 So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poyson
 Under a medicine as good cheap as it :
 I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mons. Horror of death : could I but please your eye,
 You would give me the like, ere you would loose me :
 Honor and husband ?

Tamy. By this light my Lord
 Y'are a vile fellow : and Ile tell the King
 Your occupation of dishonouring Ladies
 And of his Court : a Lady cannot live
 As she was borne, and with that sort of pleasure
 That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
 With an infamous Lords detraction :
 Who would endure the Court if these attempts,
 Of open and profest lust must be borne ?
 Whose there ? come on Dame, you are at your book
 When men are at your Mistresse ; have I taught you

Any such waiting womans quality?

Mons. Farewell good husband,

Exit Mons.

Tam. Farewell wicked Lord.

Enter Mons.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose.

And your cause is as good to seek him too,

And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter?

Tam. Matter of death, Were I some husbands wife:

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber

For opportunities almost to rapes

Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee beare with him:

Thou know'st he is a Bachelor, and a Courtier,

I, and a Prince : and their prerogatives

Are, to their lawes, as to their pardons are

Their reservations, after Parliaments,

One quits another : fortune gives all their essence :

That Prince doth high in yertues reckoning stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command :

So farre beate with him : should another man

Trust to his priviledge, he should trust to death :

Take comfort then (my comfort) may triumph,

And crown thy selfe, thou part'lt with victory :

My presence is so onely deare to thee,

That other mens appeare worse than they be.

For this night yet, beare with my forced absence :

Thou know'st my busynesse ; and with how much weight,

My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True my Lord, and never

My fruitlesse love shall let your serious honour,

Yet, sweet Lord, do no stay, you know my soule

Is so long time without me, and I dead -

As you are absent.

Mont. By this kisse, receive

My soule for hostage, till I see my love.

Tam. The momae shall let me see you,

Mont.

Mont. With the sunne
Ile visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sunne hath left
The whole worlds beauty ere my sunne leaves me.

Mont. Tis late night now indeed : farewell my light. *Exit.*

Tam. Farewell my light and life : But not in him,
In mine owne dark love and light bent to another.
Alas, that in the wave of our affections
We should supply it with a full differabling,
In which each youngest Maid is grown a Mother,
Frailty is fruitfull, one sinne gets another :
Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine,
When they goe out ; most vice shewes most divine :
Goe Maid, to bed, lend me your book I pray :
Not like your selfe, for forme, Ile this night trouble
None of your services : Make sure the dores,
And call your other fellowes to their rest.

Per. I will, yet I will watch to know why you watch. *Exit.*

Tam. Now all ye peacefull regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing windes, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadnesse of heart, and omineus securenesse,
Enchantments, dead sleepes, all the friends of rest,
That evēr wrought upon the life of man ;
Extend your utmost strengths ; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the Center : make the violent wheelles
Of Time and Fortune stand ; and Great Existens
(The Makers treasurie) now not seeme to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me :
They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in me :
I love what most I loath, and cannot live
Unlesse I compasse that which holds my death :
For lifes meere death loving one that loathes me,
And he I love, will loath me, when he sees *The Vault opens.*
I flie my sex, my vertue, my Renowme,
To runne so madly on a man unknowne.
See, see a Vault is opening that was never

Knowne to my Lord and husband, nor to any
But him that bringst the man I love, and mee;
How shall I looke on him? how shall I live?
And not consume in blusnes, I will in;
And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beeue.

Exit.

Ascendit Frier and D'Ambois.

Frier. Come worthiest sonne, I am past measure glad,
That you (whose worth I have approv'd so long)
Should be the Object of her fearefull love;
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
Their full force to supply her utmost weakness:
You know her worts and vertues, for Report
Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge:
You know besides, that our affections storme,
Rais'd in our blood, no Reason can reforme,
Though shee seeke then their satisfaction,
(Which shee must needs, or rest unsatisfi:ed)
Your judgement will esteeme her peace thus wrought,
Nothing lesse deare, than if you selfe had sought:
And (with another colour, which my Art
Shall teach you to lay on) your selfe must seeme
The onely agent, and the first Orbe Move,
In this our set, and cunning world of Love.

Buff. Give me the colour (my most honour'd Father)
And trust my cunning thereto lay it on.

Frier. Tis this good sonne; Lord Barrisor (whom you slew)
Did love her dearly, and with all fit meane
Hath urg'd his acceptation, of all which
Shee keeps one letter written in his blood:
You must say thus then, That you heard from mee
How much her selfe was toucht in conscience
With a Report (which is in truth disperst)
That your maine quarrell grew about her love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your Court ship,
Of the great Guises Duchesse in the Presence,
Was by you made to his elected Mistresse;
And so made me your meane now to resolve her,
Chosing (by my direction) this nights depth,

For the more cleare avoiding of all note
Of your presumed presence, and with this
(To clearé her hands of such a Lovers blood)
She will so kindly thank and entertaine you,
(Me thinks I see how) I, and ten to one,
Shew you the confirmation in his blood,
Lest you shold think report, and she did faire,
That you shall so have circumstantiall meanes,
To come to the direct, which must be used:
For the direct is crooked; Love comes flying;
The height of love is still wonne with denying.

D' Amb. Thanks honoured Father.

Frier. Shee must never know
That you know any thing of any love
Sustain'd on her part: For learne this of me;
In any thing a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks tis not done;
If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not fatisfid;
To have a man think that she never seekes,
Does her more good than to have all she likes:
This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex;
Which to reforme, reason is too perplex:
Urge reason to them, it will doe no good;
Humour (that is the charriot of our food)
In every body) must in them be fed,
To carrie their affections by it bled.
Stand close.

Enter Tamya with a Book.

Tam. Alas, I feare my strangenesse will retire him:
If he goe back, I die, I must prevent it,
And cheare his onset with my sight at least,
And that's the most; though every step he takes
Goes to my heart, I'll rather die than seeme
Not to be strange to that I most esteeme.

Frier. Madam.

Tamy. Ah!

Frier. You will pardon me, I hope,

That, so beyond your expectation,
(And at a time for visitants so unfit)
I (with my noble friend here) visit you :
You know that my accesses at any time
Hath ever beene admitted ; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with me,
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him,
To merit as free welcome as my selfe.

Tamy. O Father, but at this suspicio[n]ous houre
You know how apt b[ea]t[er] men are to suspect us,
In any cause, that makes suspicio[n]ous shadow
No greater than the shadow of a haire :
And y[ou] are to blame : what though my Lord and husband
Lie forth to night ? and since I cannot sleepe
When he is absent, I sit up to night,
Though all the dores are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleepes ; yet there is one
That wakes above, whose eye no sleepe can binde :
He sees through dores, and darknesse, and our thoughts ;
And therefore as we should avoid with feare,
To think amisse our selves before his search ;
So shuld we be as curious to shunne
All cause that other think not ill of us.

D' Amb. Madam, 'tis farre from that : I only heard
By this my honour'd Father, that your conscience
Made some deepe scruple with a false report ;
That *Barriors* blood should something touch your honour,
Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the Duchesse,
And therefore made his quarrell, his long love
And service, as I heare, being deeply vowed
To your perfections, which my ready presence
Presum'd on with my Father at this season,
For the more care of your so curious honour,
Can well resolve your Conscience, is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come good sir ?
Then crave I now your pardon and my Fathers,
And swearre your presence does me so much good,

That all I have it bindes to your requitall :
 Indeed sir, 'tis most true that a report
 Is spread, alleadging that his love to me
 Was reason of your quarrell, and because
 You shall not think I faine it for my glory,
 That he importun'd me for his Court service,
 I'le shew you his own hand, set down in blood
 To that vaine purpose : Good Sir, then come in. *Exit Tamira*
Father I thank you now a thousand fold. *and D' Amb.*

Fryar. May it be worth it to you honour'd daughter.

Descendit Fryar.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus Tertij Scena Prima.

Enter D' Ambois, Tamira, with a Chain of Pearle.

D' Amb. Sweet Mistresse cease, your confidence is too nice,
*S*And bites too hotly of the Pomeespice.

Tam. O my deare servant, in thy close embraces,
 I have set open all the dores of danger
 To my encompast honour, and my life :
 Before I was secure against death and hell,
 But now am subject to the heartlesse feate,
 Of every shadow, and of every breath,
 And would change firmnesse with an aspen leafe :
 So confident a spotlesse conscience is ;
 So weake a guilty : O the dangerous siege
 Sinne layes about us ? and the tyrannie
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd :
 Like to the horror of a Winters thunder,
 Mixt with a gushing storme, that suff'r nothing
 To stirre abroad on earth, but their own rages,
 Is sinne, when it hath gathered head above us,
 No roofe, no shelter can secure us to,
 But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.

D' Ambois. Sin is a coward Madam, and insults
 But on our weaknesse, in his truest valour :
 And so our ignorance tames us, that we let

His

His shadowes fright us : and like empty clouds
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The formes of Dragons, Lions, Elephants,
 When they hold no proportion : the sly charmes
 Of the witch policy-makes him, like a Monster
 Kept onely to shew men for Servile money :
 That false hagge often paints him in her cloth
 Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth :
 In three of us, the secret of our meeting,
 Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
 Have ever beene esteem'd : as our three powers
 That in one soule, are, as one united :
 Why should we feare then ? for my selfe I sweare
 Sooner shall torture be the Sire to pleasure,
 And health be grievous to one long time sick,
 Than the deare jewell of your fame in me,
 Be made an out-cast to your infamy ;
 Nor shall my value (sacred to your vertues)
 Onely give free course to it, from my selfe :
 But makēt fie out of the mouths of Kings
 In golden vapours, and with awfull wing.

Tam. It refis as all Kings scales were set in thee.
 Now let us call my Father, whom I sweare
 I could extreamly chide, but that I feare
 To make him so suspicioſ of my love
 Of which (sweet servant) doe not let him know
 For all the world.

D'Amb. Alas ! he will not think it ?

Tam. Come then — ho ! Father, ope, and take your friend.

Aſcendit Frier.

Frier. Now honour'd daughter, is your doubt resolv'd.

Tam. I Father, but you went away too ſoone.

Fryer. Too ſoone ?

Tam. Indeed you did, you ſhould have stayed ;
 Had not your worthy friend beene of your bringing,
 And that containes all lawes to temper me,
 Not all the fearefull danger that besieged us,
 Had aw'd my throat from exclamacion.

Frier.

Fryer. I know your serious disposition well.
Come sonne the morne comes on.

D' Amb. Now honour'd Mistresse
Till farther service call, all blisse supply you.

Tamy. And you this chaine of pearle, and my love onely.
It is not I, but urgent destiny, Defendis Frier and D' Amb.
That (as great States-men for their generall and
In politique justice, make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it just ::
What shall weak Dames doe, when th' whole work of Nature
Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?
Needs must that sweep away the fly cobweb
Of our still undone labours ; that layes still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd.
We canhot keepe our constant course in vertue :
What is alike at all parts ? every day
Differs from other : every houre and minute :
I, every thought in our false clock of life,
Oft times inverteth the whole circumference :
We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :
Our bodies are but thick clouds to our soules ;
Through which they cannot shine when they desire :
When all the starres, and even the sunne himselfe,
Must stay the vapours tyme that he exhales
Before he can make good his beatnes to us :
O how can we, that are but moies to him,
Wandring at randon in his ordered rayes,
Disperse our passions fumes, with our weak labours,
That are more thick and black than all earths vapours ?

Enter Mont.

Mon. Good day, my love : what up and ready too ?
Tam. Both, (my deare Lord) not all this night made I
My selfe unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas, what troubled my true Love ? my peace,
From being at peace within her better selfe ?
Or how could sleepe forbear to seize thine eyes
When he might challenge them as his just prize ?

Tam. I am in no powers earthly, but in yours ;
To what end should I goe to bed my Lord,
That wholly mist the comfort of my bed ?
Or how should sleepe possess my faculties,
Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes ?

Mons. Then will I never more sleepe night from thee :
All mine owne Busynesse, all the Kings affaires,
Shall take the day to serue them : Every night
Ile evr dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my Lord esteem me not my desires
Such doters on their humours, that my judgement
Cannot subdue them to your-worthier pleasure :
A wifes pleasd husband must her object be
In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasie.

Mons. Then come my Love, Now pay those Rites to sleepe
Thy faire eyes owe him : shall we now to bed ?

Tam. O no my Lord, your holy Friar sayes,
All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
Adulterous are, even in the married ;
Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,
Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mons. Hee's a most learned and Religious man :
Come to the Pfelice then, and see great *D' Ambois*
(Fortunes proud mushrome shot up in a night)
Stand like an *Atlas* under our Kings arme ;
Which greatness with him Monsieur now envies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Tam. What he that was but yesterday his maker ?
His raiser and preserver ?

Mons. Even the same.
Each naturall agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on, like it selfe ;
Which since the Monsieur in his act on *D' Ambois*,
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that (quite opposite) the King hath power
(In his love borne to *D' Ambois*) to convert
The point of Monsieurs aime on his owne breast,
He turnes his outward love to inward hate :

A Prince.

A Princes love is like the lightnings flame,
Which no man can embrace, but must consume. *Exeunt.*

Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, D'Uches

Annebell, Charles, Attendant.

Henr. Speak home *Buffy*, thy impartiall words
Are like brave Faulcons that dare trusse a Fowle
Much greater than themselves ; Flatterers are Kites
That check at Sparrowes ; thou shalt be my Eagle,
And beare my thunders underneath thy wings :
Truths words like jewels hang in th'cares of Kings.

Buff. Would I might live to see no Jewes hang there
In sted of jewels ; sycophants I meane,
Who use truth like the Devil, his true Foe,
Cast by the Angell to the pit of feares,
And bound in chaines ; truth seldom decks Kings cares :
Slave flattery (like a Rippiers legs rowld up
In boots of hay-ropes) with Kings soothed guts
Swadled and strapp'd, now lives onely fise.
O tis a subtle knave, how like the plague
Himself, he strikes into the braine of man,
And rageith in his entrailes wher he can,
Worse than the poison of a red hair'd man ?

Henr. Fly at him and his brood, I cast thee off,
And once more give thee surname of mine Eagle.

Buff. Ile make you sport enough then, let me have
My luccing too, (or dogs inur'd to hunt
Beasts of most rapine) but to put them up,
And if I truse not, let me not be trusted :
Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice,
Which is the voice of God) that by his greatness
Bumbaft his private roofes, with publique riches ;
That affects roialtie, rising from a clapdish ;
That rules so much more by his suffering King,
That he makes Kings of his subordinate slaves :
Himselfe and them graduate like woodmongers
(Piling a stack of billets) from the earth,
Raising each other into steeples heights ;
Let him convey this on the turning props

Of Protean Law, and (his owne counsell keeping)
 Keape all upright ; let me but hawlk at him,
 Ile play the Vulture, and so thump his liver,
 That (like a huge unladling Argona)
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Clergie man, that is in voice
 A Lark of Heaven, in heart a Mowle of earth ;
 That hath good living, and a wicked life ;
 A temperate look, and a luxurios gut ;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous Cures
 Into your Pheasants and your Partridges ;
 Venting their Quintessence as men read Hebrew :
 Let me but hawlk at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Lawyer that turnes sacred law
 (The equall renderer of each man his owne,
 The scourge of Rapine and Extortion,
 The Sanctuary and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning, and besieged vertus) :
 Into a Harpy, that eates all but's owne,
 Into the damned sinnes it punisheth ;
 Into the Synagogue of theves and Atheists ;
 Blood into gold, and justice into lust :
 Let me but hawlk at him, as at the rest,
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.

Enter Mont-Surrey, Tamira, and Pero.

Gus. Where will you find such game as you would hawlk at ?
Buff. Ile hawlk about your house for one of them.

Gus. Come; y' are a glorious Ruffin, and rusne proud
 Of the Kings headlong graces ; holdy your breath,
 Or by that poysn'd vapour not the King
 Shall back your murtherous valour against me.

Buff. I wold the King would make his presence free
 But for one bout betwixt us : By the reverence
 Due to the sacred space twixt kings and subjects,
 Here would I make thee cast that popular purple,
 In which thy proud soule sits and braves thy soveraigne.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Buff.

Buss. Let him peace first that made the first warre.

Mons. He's the better man.

Buss. And therefore may doe worst?

Mons. He has more titles.

Buss. So *Hydra* had more heads.

Mons. He's greater knowne.

Buss. His greatnesse is the peoples, mine's mine owne.

Mons. He's nobly borne.

Buss. He is not, I am noble.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,

But in his merit,

Guis. Th'art not nobly borne,

But bastard to the Cardinall of *Ambois*.

Buss. Thou liest proud Guiserd; let me flic (my Lord.)

Henr. Not in my face; (my Eagle) violence flics

The Sanctuaries of a Princes eyes.

Buss. Still shall we chide? and come upon this bit?

Is the Guise onely greas in facton?

Stands he not by himselfe? Proves he th'Opinion

That mens soules are without them? Be a Duke,

And lead me to the field.

Guis. Come, follow me.

Henr. Stay them, slay *D' Ambois*; Cosen Guise, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill-

A man so good, that only woud uphold

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall

All our dissentions rise; that in himselfe

(Without the outward patches of our frailty,

Riches and honour) knowes he comprehendes

Worth with the greatest; Kings had never borne

Such boundlesse Empire over other men,

Had all maintaynd the spirit and state of *D' Ambois*,

Nor had the full impartiall hand of nature

That all things gave in her originall,

Without these definite terms of Mine and Thine,

Beene turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,

Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like *D' Ambois*,

No envie, no disunction had dissolv'd,

Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot,
In which the world of *Saturne* bound our lises,
Had all beene held together with the neves,
The genius and th' ingenious soule of *D' Ambois*.
Let my hand therefore be the *Hermæan* rod
To part and reconcile, and so conserue you,
As my combin'd embracers and supporters.

Buff. Tis our Kings motion, and we shall not seeme
(To worst eies) womanish, though we change this soone.
Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gus. I scale to that, and so the manly freedome
That you so much professe, hereafter prove not
A bold and glorious licence to deprave,
To me his hand shall hold the *Hermæan* vertue
His grace affects, in which submissive signe
On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Buff. Tis well my Lord, and so your worthy greatnessse
Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a Pretogative;
To rack mens freedomes with the ruder wrongs;
My hand (stuck full of lawrell, in true signe
Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
In all submission killeth th' other side.

Hen. Thanks to ye both: and kindly I invite ye
Both to a banquet where wee'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves;
At which (faire Ladies) I entreat your preſence.
And hope you Madam will take one carowse
For reconciliation of your Lord and fervant.

Duches. If I should fail my Lord, some other Lady
Would be found there to doe that for my fervant.

Mons. Any of these here?

Duches. Nay, I know not that.

(Lady.)

D' Amb. Think your thoughts like my Mistress, honour'd
Tamy. I think not on you Sir, y'are one I know not.

D' Amb. Cry you mercy Madam.

Excuse Henry,

Mons. Oh Sir, has she met you?

D' Amb. Ladies

Mons. What had my bountie drunk when it rais'd him?

Gus.

Gns. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more wind than we with all our sailes!

Mons. O so he spreds and flourishes:

Gns. He must downe,
Upstarts should never perch too neare a crowne.

Mons. Tis true my Lord; and as this doting hand,
Even out of earth, (like Juno) struck this Giant,
So Joves great ordnance shall be here implide
To strike him under th' Aera of his pride:
To which work lend your hands and let us cast
Where we may set snars for his ranging greatness:
I think it best; amongst our greatest women:
For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
As a loose downfall: for you know their falls
Are the ends of all mens rising: if great men
And wise make scapes to please advantage,
Tis with a woman: women that worst may
Still hold mens candels: they dandle and know
All things amisse in all men; and their women
All things amisse in them: through whose charm'd mouthes
We may see all the close scapes of the Court:
When the most roiall beast of chace, the Hart
(Being old; and cunning in his layres and haunts)
Can never be discovered to the bow
The peece or hound: yet where (behind some Quicch)
He breaks his gall, and rutteh with his hindc,
The place is maskt, and by his Venery
He still is taken. Shall we then attenipt
The chiefeſt meane to that discovery here,
And court our greatest Ladies chiefeſt women,
With shewes of love, and liberall promises?
Tis but our breath. If ſomething given in hand,
Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventur'd.

Gns. No doubt of that: and 'tis the cunningſt point
Of our devis'd investigation.

Mons. I have broken
The yee to it already with the woman
Of your chaff Lady, and conceiue good hope,

I ſhall

I shall wadethorow to some wifhed thore
At our next meeting.

Mons. Nay, there's small hope there.

Guise. Take say of her my Lord, she comes most fitly.

Mons. Starting back?

Enter Charlot, Anable, Pera.

Gai. Yareingag'd indeed.

Char. Nay, pray my Lord forbear.

Mons. What skittish, servant?

An. No my Lord, I am not so fit for your service.

Char. Pray pardon me now my Lord; my Lady expects me.

Guise. Ile satisfie her expectation, as far as an Vnkle may.

Mons. Well said: a spirit of Courtship of all hands:

Now mine owne *Pero*: hast thou remembred me
For the discovery I entreated thee to make of thy Mistresse?
speak boldly, and be sure of all things I have sworne to thee.

Pero. Building on that assurance, (my Lord) I may speak; and
much the rather, because my lady hath not trusted me with that
I can tell you; for now I cannot be laid to betray her.

Mons. That's all one, so we reach our objects: forth I be-
seech thee.

Pero. To tell you the truth, my Lord, I have made a strange dis-
covery.

Mons. Excellent! *Pero* thou reviv'st me: may I sink quick to
perdition, if my tongue discover it.

Pero. Tis thus then: This last night my Lord lay forth: and I,
watching my Ladies sitting up, stole up at midnight from my
pallat, and (having before made a hole both through the wall
and arras to herinmost chamber) I saw *D' Ambois* and her selfe
reading a letter.

Mons. *D' Ambois*?

Pero. Even he my Lord.

Mons. Do'st thou not dreame wench?

Pero. I sweare, he is the man.

Mons. The devill he is, and thy Lady his dam: Why this
was the happiest shot that ever flew the just plague of hypo-
crite level'd it, Oh the infinite regions betwixt a womans
tongue and her heart: is this our Goddess of chaste? I thought
could

I could not be so sleighted, if she had not her fraught besides : and therefore plotted this with her woman : never dreaming of D^r Amboys. Deare Pero I will advance thee for ever : but tell me now : Gods pretious it transforms mee with admiration : sweet Pero, whom should shee trust with this conveyance ? Or, all the dores being made sure, how should his conveyance be made ?

Pero. Nay my Lord, that amazes me : I cannot by any study so much as guesse at it.

Mons. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little : for if my heart were not hoop'd with adamant, the conceit of this would have burst it : but heark thee. Whispers.

Mont. I pray thee resolve mee : the Duke will never imagine that I am busie about's wife : hath D^r Ambois any privy accessio to her ?

An. No my Lord, D^r Ambois neglects her (as shee takes it) and is therefore suspicious that either your Lady, or the Lady Beaupre hath closely entertain'd him.

Mont. Her lady a likely suspition, and very neare the lise ; especially of my wife.

Mons. Come, we'll disguise all, with seeming onely to have courted ; away dry palm : sh'as a livor as dry as a bisket : a man may goe a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her windpipe.

Gno. Here's one, (I think) has swallowed a Porcupine, shee casts prickes from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a Peacock seemes to have devour'd one of the Alpes, she has so swelling a spirit, & is so cold of her kindnes.

Char. We are no windfalls my Lord ; ye must gather us with the laddes of matrimony, or we'll hang till we're rotten.

Mons. Indeed that's the way to make ye right openasses. But alas ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Pero. Portions my Lord, yes, and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mons. What woman ? what are those portions ?

Pero. Riddle my riddle my Lord.

Mons. I marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall never finde it out : but let's heare it.

Per. You shall my Lord,
What's that, that being most rare's most cheap?
That when you sow, you never reap?
That when it growes most, most you ia it?
And still you lose it when you win it?
That when tis commonest, tis dearest,
And when tis farthest off, 'tis nearest?

Mons. Is this your great portion?

Per. Even this my Lord.

Mons. Believe me I cannot riddle it.

Per. No my Lord, tis my chasity, which you shall neither
riddle nor fiddle.

Mons. Your chasity? let me begin with the end of it; how
is a womans chasity nearest a man, when tis furthest off?

Per. Why my Lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th'
heart on you; and that I think comes most neare you; and I am
sure it shall be faire enough off; and so wee leave you to our
mercies.

Exeunt women.

Mons. Farewell riddle.

Qui. Farewell Medlar.

Mons. Farewell winter plum.

Mons. Now my Lords, what fruit of our inquisition? feels
you nothing budding yet? Speak good my Lord Mountsury.

Mons. Nothing but this: *D'Ambois* is thought negligent in
observing the Duchesse, and therefore she is suspicous that your
Neece or my wife closely entraimes him.

Mons. Your wife, my Lord? Think you that possible?

Mons. Alas, I know she flies him like her last hour.

Mons. Her last hour? why that comes upon her the more
she flies it: Does *D'Ambois* so think you?

Mons. That's not worth the answering: Tis miriculous to
think with what monsters womens imaginations engrose them
when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will
work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheepe valiant, a
Lion fearefull.

Mons. And an Asse confident, well my Lord, more will come
forth shortly, get you to the banquet.

Cwife. Come my Lord, I have the blind side of one of them.

Exit

Exit Guise cum Mont.

Mouns. O the unsounded Sea of womens bloods,
That when tis calmeſt, is moſt dangerous ;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are *Scylla* and *Caribdis*,
Which ſtill are hid in dark and ſtanding foggs,
Where never day liues, nothing ever growes,
But weeds and poſtons, that no ſtates-man knowes ;
Not *Cerberus* ever ſaw the damned nookes
Hid with the veiles of womens vertuous looks.
But what a cloud of ſulphur have I drawne
Up to my boſome in this dangerous ſecret ?
Which if my haſt (with any ſpark) ſhould light
Ere D' Ambois were engag'd in ſome ſure plot
I were blowne up ; He would be ſure, my death
Would I had never knowne it, for before
I haſh perfwade th' importance to *Monsfury*,
And make him with ſome ſtudied Stratagem,
Train D' Ambois to his wreake, his maid may tell it,
Or I (out of my fiery thirſt to play
With the fell Tyger, up in darkneſe tyed,
And give it ſome light) make it quite break loose.
I ſcarce it aſore heaven, and will not ſee
D' Ambois againe, till I haſe told *Monsfury*,
And let a ſhare with him to free my feares : whoſethere ?

Enter Maffe.

Maffe. My Lord ?

Mons. Goe call the Count *Monsfury*,
And make the dores ſaft, I will ſpeak with none
Till he come to me.

Maffe. Well my Lord :

Exit Maffe.

Mons. Or elſe

Send you ſome other, and ſee all the dores
Made ſafe your ſelfe I pray, haſt, ſlie about it.

Maffe. You'l ſpeak with none but with the Count *Monsfury*.

Mons. With none but hee except it be the Guife.

Maffe. See even by this, there's one exception more,
Your Grace muſt be more firme in the command,

Or else shall I as weakly execute,
The Guise shall speak with you?

Mons. He shall I say.

Maffe. And Count Montfurry?

Mons. I, and Count Montfurry.

Maffe. Your Grace must pardon me, that I am bold
To urge the cleare and full sence of your pleasure;
Which when so ever I have knownē, I hope
Your Grace will say, I hit it to a haire.

Mons. You have.

Maffe. I hope so, or I would be glad.—

Mons. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so tedious
In the strickt forme of all thy services,
That I had better have one negligent.
You hit my pleasure well, when *D' Ambois* hit you,
Did you not, think you?

Maffe. *D' Ambois*? why my Lord?

Mons. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the dores.
Doe what I charge thee.

Maffe. I will my Lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of *D' Ambois*—

Mons. Precious! then it is a Fate that plagues me
In this mans foolery, I may be murthered
While he stands on protection of his folly.

Avant about thy charge.

Maffe. I goe my Lord.
I had my head broke in his faithfull service,
I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with *D' Ambois*.
D' Ambois my Lord shall know.—

Mons. The devill and *D' Ambois*. *Exit Maffe.*
How am I tortur'd with this trusty foole?
Never was any curios in his place
To doe things justly, but he was an Aſſe:
We cannot finde one trusty that is witty,
And therefore beare their disproportion.
Grant thou great starke, and angell of my life,
A ſure leafe of it but for ſome few dayes,

That I may cleare my bosome of the Snake
I cherisht there, and I will then desie
All check to it but Natures, and her Altars
Shall crack with vesicles crown'd with ev'ry liquor
Drawn from her highest, and most bloudy humors.
I feare him strangely, his advanced valour
Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffe hastily.

Maffe. I cannot help it, what should I do more?
As I was gathering a fit Guard to make
My passage to the dores, and the dores sure,
The man of bloud is enter'd.

Mons. Rage of death.
If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
Thus had I bin endanger'd: — My sweet heart!
How now? what leap'st thou at?

Enter D' Ambois.

D' Amb. O royall object.

Mons. Thou dreamst awake: Object in th empty aire?

D' Amb. Worthy the browes of Titan, worth his chaire.

Mons. Pray thee what mean'st thou?

D' Amb. See you not a Crowne

Empale the forehead of the great King Monsieur?

Mons. Ofie upon thee.

D' Amb. Prince, that is the Subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongfull supposition?

D' Amb. Why wrongfull? to suppose the doublefesse right
To the sucession worth the thinking on:

Mons. Well, leave these jests, how I am over-joyed
With thy wish'd presence; and how fit thou com'st,
For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

D' Amb. To what end?

Mons. Onely for thy company,
Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment
On thy part made with personall appearance.

Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou do'st not love me.
Wilt thou doe one thing therefore now sincerely?

D' Amb. I, any thing, but killing of the King.

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill taken note?
How most unsealonable thou playest the Cuckoo,
In this thy fall of friendship?

D' Amb. Then doe not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the King that is not yours.

Mons. I will not then, to prove which by my love
Shewme to thy vertues, and by all fruits else,
Already sprung from the still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedome-
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plaine state of me in thy thoughts.

D' Amb. What, utter plainly what I think of you?

Mons. Plaine as truth.

D' Amb. Why this swins quite against the stream of greatness.
Great men woulde rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great foole, and herefore charge thee
Even from the root of thy free heart display mee.

D' Amb. Since you affect it in such serious termes,
If your selfe first will tell me what you think
As freely ar d as heartily of me,
I'le be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain of mine honour, and make this,
That prove we in our full disfection
Never so soule, live still the sounder friends.

D' Amb. What else Sir come pay me home, ilebide it bravely.

Mons. I will I sweare. I think then a man
That dares as much as a wilde horfe or Tyger,
As headstrong and as bloody ; and so feed
The ravenous wolfe of thy most Canniball valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldest tame
Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,

Or English usurer, to force possessions, and moy his fining' box ;
 And cut men's throats of morgaged estates ; or if you will
 Or thou wouldst tire thee like a Tinkers strumper,
 And murther marker folks, quarrell with sheope,
 And runne as mad as *Ajax*, serve a *Buccon*, a *Brutus* ; or if you will
 Doe any thing but killing of the King, no b'gottw' word now will
 That in thy valour th'art like other naturals, and quicke more
 That have strange gifts in nature, but no soule
 Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peace,
 But stop at humours, that are more abhorr'd,
 Childish and villanous than the huckster's whore,
 Slave, cut-throat, Tinker's bitch, compard before,
 And in those humours wouldst envie, betray,
 Slander, blasphemie, change each hours religion ; or if you will
 Doe any thing, but killing of the King, which is still the dunghill,
 That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,) and in thy constancy
 To which hath reference all sin in thy hotesse,
 Th' art more ridiculous and vain-glorious than any Mountibank,
 Than any Mountibank ; and impudent
 Than any painted Bawd ; which not to sooth y' bras, but to
 And gloriſe thee like a *Jupiter Hammur*, toro child ; full to
 Thou eat'st thy heart in vineger ; and thy gall'd shooles now and
 Turns all thy blood to poyson, which is cause
 Of that Toad-pools that stands in thy complexion ;
 And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,
 Which is the damme of putrefaction,
 As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot in thou liv'ſt ;
 To study calumnies and treachries,
 To thy friends slayters, like a Scritch-owle sing,
 And to all mischieſes, but to kill the King.
D' Amb. So : Have you said quicke to me ? (reſeruari uox)
Mons. How thinkest thou ? Doe I flattery ?
 Speak I not like a truſty friend to thee ? or good If you are yet
D' Amb. That ever any man was bleſſt withall,
 So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)
 No devill, ſince y' are like to be no King ;
 Of which, with any friend of yours No lay
 This poore Stilledo here, gaunt all the ſtarres,

I, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are more;
That you did never good, but to doe ill;
But ill of all sorts, free and for it selfe:
That (like a murthring peccce, making lanes in Armes)
The first man of a rank, the whole frank falling;
If you have wrong'd one man, you are so farre
From making him amends, that all his race,
Friends and associates fall into your chace:
That y'are for perjuries the very prince
Of all intelligencers, and your voice
Is like an Easterne wind, that where it flies,
Knits nets of Catterpillars, with which you catch
The prime of all the fruits the Kingdome yelds.
That your politicall head is the curst fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
Tyrannie & Atheisme flowing through the realme,
That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
The purest Christall; and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a spider; you will jest
With God, and your soule to the devil tender
For lust, kisse horror, and with death engender.
That your foule body is a Lernean fenn
Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
That you are utterly without a soule:
And (for your life) the thred of that was spunne,
When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rocke
Fall in the durt; and Lachesis still drawes it,
Dipping her twisting fingers in a boole
Defil'd, and crown'd with vertues forced soule.
And lastly (which I must for Gratitude
Ever remember) That of all my height
And dearest life, you are the onely spring
Only in royall hope to kill the King.
Amen. Why now I see thou lov'st me, come to the banquet-

(Show me thy novv shuds.) *Exemps* *Actus* 2.
: *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2.
Finis Actus tertij. *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2. *Actus* 2.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Henry, Monsieur with a Letter, Guijs, Monsiur, D'Amboise,
Elynor, Tamara, Beatrix, Rose, Charlotte, Andrie, Ribina
Ryba, with three Pages.

Henr. **L**adies, ye have not done our banquet right.
Nor lookt upon it with those chearefull rayes
That lately turn'd your banches to flouds of gold;
Your looks, methinks, are not drawne out with thoughts,
So cleare and free as heretofore, but fould
As if the thick complexions of men
Governd within them.

Buff. 'Tis not like my Lord
That men in women rule, but contrary to every voluntary. And
For as the Moone (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image
Or glasse to shew them how they wax and wanke,
But in her heighth and motion likewise beares
Imperiall influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and wanke;
So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect Idols of the Moone,
(Or still-unwear'd sweet Moon-calves with white faces)
Not only are patterns of change to men:
But as the tender Moon-shine, of their beauties
Clears, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad,
So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Mons. But here the Moons are chang'd (as the King notes)
And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary faculty:
For nothing can recover their lost faces.

Monsieur. None can be alwayes one: our griefes and joyes
Hold severall scepters in us, and have times
For their divided Empires: which grieve now, in them
Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

D'Amboise. And grief's a natural sickness of the blood,

That time to part aks, as his comming had ;
Onely slight foolcs giv' d, suddenly are glad ;
A man may say t'a dead man, be reviv'd.
As well as on one forenoon, be not giv' d.
And therefore (Princely Minnesell) in all warres
Against theiſſe base fōr' that made on westmōſſe,
And still fight hōu'd, behid the ſhield of Nature,
Of privilege low, brachay, or beaſtly muſt,
Your ſeruants cannot helpe ; authority leſſ
Goes with conreption, ſomething like ſome ſtator,
That back weorſt men, when to them haſt crept ;
That (to themſelves low) would ſcar him ſleep.

Duches. Ye all take that for granted, that dothref
Yet to be prov'd ; we all are as we were,
As merry, and as free in thought as ever.

Gwi. And why then can ye not diſclose your thoughts ?

Tamy. Me thinketh man haſt anſwer'd for us well.

Mons. The man ? who Madam diſe not know his name ?

Tamy. Man is a name of honour for a King :
Additions take away from onelieſt thing :
The Schoole of Modēſty, not to learme, learme Dames :
They ſit in high fermether, they know mens names.

Mons. Heark sweet heart, here's a bar ſet to your valour :
It cannot enter here ; no, not to notice
Of what your name is ; your great Eaglesbeak
(Should you ſie at her) had a good encounter
An Albion cliff, as her moore craggy liver.

D'Amb. Ile not atteyn her ſir, her fight and name
(By which I onely know her) doth deter me.

Enew. So doe they all men alle.

Mons. You would ſay so
If you knew all.

Tamy. Knew all my Lord ? what mean you ?

Mons. All that I knew Madam.

Tamy. That you know ? ſpeak it.

Mons. Not to enough I ſee it.

Hew. But me thinks
Her Courtſhip is more pure than before this.

True Courtiers should be modest, and not nice i^t han^dled clo^t
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.

Mons. Sweet heart, come hither : what if one should make
Horns at *Mons's* wry ? would it not strike him jealous
Through all the proofs of his chaste Ladies verities ?

D'Amb. If he be wise, not.

Mons. What ? not if I should name the Gardener,
That I would have him think hath grafted him ?

D'Amb. So the large licenes that your greatness useth
To jest at all men, may be tangly indeed
To make a difference of the ground you play on,
Both in the mean you scandal, and the matter.

Mons. As how ? as how ?

D'Amb. Perhaps led with a traine, where you may have
Your nose made lefle, and slit, your eyes thrust out.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.
Who dares doe that ? the brother of his King ?

D'Amb. Were your King brother in you, all your powers
(Strech't in the armes of great men and their Bawds)
Set close downe by you, all your stormy lawes
Spotted with Lawyers mouthes, and gushing blood,
Like to so many Torrents, all your glories,
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames,
Fed with bare cockscombs, and with crooked hammes)
All your prerogatives, your shames and tortures,
All daring heavens, and opening hell about you;
Were I the manye wrong'd so, and provok'd,
(Though ne're so much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the roughnesse of my roote)
Ramme hardnesse, in my lownesse, and like death
Mounted on earthquake, I would strok through all
Honors and horrour, thow^w foul and faire,
And from your whole strength tosse you into the air.

Mons. Goe, th^wa devill, such another spirit
Could not be still'd from all th' Armenian dragons,
O my Lovcs glory aboue to all I have :
That's all I can say, and that all I fweare.
If thou que^wive me, so I know thou must,

Or else hath nature no proportion'd end his selfe amitt: O wot
To her great labours: she hath breach'd a minde
Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
Into another great *Suggerie Cesare*:
Organs, and faculties fitter to her greatnessse
And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature's a Courier and regards no man.

Henr. Here's thought but whispering with us like a calme:
Before a tempest, when the silent ayre
Layes her soft eare close to the eard to hearken
For that she feares steals on to ravish her: now is a season of
Some Fate doth joyns our eare to heare it comming.
Come, my brave eagle, let's to Covert flies.
I see Almighty Ether in the smoke
Of all his clouds descending; and the skie. *Exit Henr.* with
Hid in the dim offets of Tragedy.

Guis. Now stirre the honour, and begin the bridle.

Mons. The King and *Dl Ambois* now are growne all one.

Mons. Nay, they are two my Lord.

Admet. How's that?

Mons. No more, I say.

Mons. I must have more my Lord.

Mons. What more than two? His, yours? you say.

Mons. How monstrous is this?

Mons. Why? You are in w^t her, adme^t blood and her b^tle.

Mons. You make me Horne.

Mons. Not I, i^e i^e workt without my power,

Married mens enightes are not made with fingers. I know
Of divine Fabriquothey art, Not mens hands; I admett
Your wife, you know, is a mere *Cymbal*,
And she must fashion hernes out of her Nature.

Mons. But doth she? dare you charge her? speak false Prince.

Mons. I must not speak my Land, but if you'd use as strok
The learning of a noble man, and read
Herc's something to those points: soft you must payne
Your honour having read it to return it. *Enter Tamara & Rore*

Mons. Not I, I pawned mine Honour for a paper devo. I am O

Mons. You must not buy or under-

Exeunt Guisande, Mervis, &c. Mons.

Mont. Keefe it then,
And keepe fire in your bosome.

Tam. What stayes he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my Lord?
Takes my Love any thing to heart he sayes?

Mont. Come, y'are a.— Tam. What my Lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrails.

Tam. Will you break
Your rangers just cause given by him? or me? I scifie,

Mons. By him?

Tam. By him my Lord, I have admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him;
That still hath shid such discords on your honours.

Mont. Perhaps tis with some proud string of my wifes.

Tam. How's that, my Lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O woe is me. *She seems so sound.*

Pero. What does your Lordship mean?
Madam, be comforted; my Lord but tries you.
Madam? Help good my Lord, are you not mov'd?
Doe your set looks print in your words your thoughts?
Sweet Lord, cleare up thole eyes; unbend thine straunging torchhead,
Whence is it you stula upon her with these Irish warres,
More full of sound then hurt? but it is enough,
You have shot home, your words are in her heart;
She has not liv'd to beare a trall now.

Mont. Look up my Love, and by this kile receive
My soule amongst thy spirits for supply.
To thine, chae'd with my fury.

Tam. O my Lord,
I have too long liv'd to heare this from you.

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled bloud, and not from me.
I know not how I fare; a sudden night
Flowes through my entrails, and a headlong Chaos
Murmures within me, which I must digest;

90
 And not drownie her in my confusions,
 That was my lives joy, being best informed.
 Sweet, you must needs forgiye me, that my love
 (Like to a fire disdaining his supposition)
 Rag'd being discourag'd ; my whole heart is wounded
 When my least thought is you - is but touch't.
 And shall be till I know your former merits ;
 Your name and memory aliogether crave
 In just oblivion their eternall grave ;
 And then you must heare from me, there's no means
 In any passion I shall fule for you ;
 Love is a rafor cleainge being well us'd,
 But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd :
 To tell you briefly all : The man that left me
 When you appear'd, did tame me worse than women,
 And stabb'd me to the herte thus, with his fingers.

Tamy. O happy woman ! Come my train from him ?
 It is my beauty, and that innocence provcs,
 That fiew Chymara, refou'd Pelous
 Thos all the Savage beasts in Peleon ;
 And rais'd the chaste Adonis Prince from hell :
 All suffering with me they for womens lusts,
 I for a mans ; that the Egren stabb'd
 Of his foul soule would empay in my lap :
 How biengulld am I ? sacred innocence
 That where thou surft, she dandfull ; and his face
 Turn'd in flight from thon, that had thee in chase :
 Come, bring me to him ? I will tell the serpant
 Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst feed
 A pitcht field startes up 'twixt my Lord and me)
 That his throat lies, and he shall quise his fingers,
 For being so govern'd by his filthy soule.

Mom. I know not, if himselfe will vaunt t'hav'e becam
 The princely Author of the fleas soule,
 Or any other : he would have refoul'd me,
 Had you not come ; not by his word, but writing,
 Would I have faorne to give it him againe,
 And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper,

Tam. See how he flies me still : This soule howe
 That feares his owne hand : Good my Lord make hysse
 To see the dangerous paper : Papers hold
 Oft-times the formes, and copies of our foiles,
 And (though the world despise them) are shopeates
 Of all our honors, make your honour than
 A hostage for it, and with it conserue
 My neerest woman here, in all the knowes ;
 Who (if the sunne or Cernus could have seene
 Any staine in me) might as well as they :
 And *Pero*, here I charge thee by my love,
 And all proofes of it, (whiche I might commande you)
 By all that thou hast seene seeme good in me,
 And all the ill which thou shouldest fole from thine,
 By pity of the wound this tooth hath given me,
 Not as thy Mistresse now, but a poore woman
 (To death given over) rid me of my paines,
 Powre on thy powder : clearre thy breast of me :
 My Lord is only here : here speake thy woorke,
 Thy best will doe me mischike ; If thou sparst me,
 Never shone good thought on thy memory :
 Resolve my Lord, and leave me despeire.

Pero. My Lord ? My Lord bath plaid a prodigall part,
 To break his Stock for nothing ; and in iniument,
 To cut a Gordian when he could not looke it :
 What violence is this, to put true fire
 To a false train ? To blow up longcrown'd peace
 With sudden outrage ? and believe a man
 Sworne to the shame of women, greate a woman,
 Borne to their honours : but I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shal never more
 Meet with the fugitive) where I will desel him,
 Were he ten times the brother of my King,
 To him my Lord, and ile to cursing him. Exeunt.

Enter D' Ambels and Pero.

D' Amb. I am suspitiong my most honour'd Father,
 By somes of Monsieur's cunning passages,
 That his still ranging and concombrant nezechells,

To

To scent the haunts of mischief, have so ne'd
The vicious vertue of his buscience,
That he trails hotly of him, and will rowze him,
Driving him all comg'd, and torming on us,
And therfore have entreated your deope skill,
In the command of good small spirits,
To assume these Magick arms, and call up one
To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Any thing touching my deare Love and me.

Frier. Good lonne you have am'sid me but to make
The least doubt of it, it concerneth so neccly
The faith and reverencie of my name and order,
Yet will I justifie upon my foode
All I have done, if any spirit i'th earth or aire
Can give you the resolute, doe not despaine.

Minfick : and Tam' is a sister with Pera and her maid,

bearing a Letter.

Tam'. Away, deliver it : O may my lynes
(Fill'd with the poyson of a womanes hate
When he shal open them) shrink up his curst eyes
With torturous darknesse, such as stands in hell,
Stuck full of inward horrons, never lighted ;
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted.

Exit Pera.

D' Amb. How is it with my honour'd Mistresse ?
Tam'. O servent help, and save me from the gripes
Of shame and infamy. Our love is knowne,
Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secret token that deselobet ic.

D' Amb. What cold dull Northern brain, what foole but he,
Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yeelds,
Incur'd in this discovery ? He had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
Of the hot surges cast out of the clouds,
Or stood the bullers thar (to wreak the skie)
The Cyclope ramme in lowe artillerie.

Frier. We soone will take the darknesse from his face
That did that deed of darknesse ; we will know

What

What now the Monsieur and your husband doe ;
 What is contain'd within the secret paper
 Offer'd by Monsieur, and your lover events
 To which eads (honour'd daughter) at your motion
 I have put on these exorcising Rites,
 And, by my power of learned holiness
 Vouchsafe me from above, I will command
 Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Tamy. Good Father raise him in some beauteous forme,
 That with least terror I may brook his sight.

Frier. Stand sure together then what ere you see,
 And stir not, as ye tender all our lives. *He puts on his robes.*

*Occidentalem legiōnū spiritalium imperatōr (magnus illus Be-
 hemoth) veni, veni, comitatu cum Asaroth locutente invito. Ad-
 juro te per stygias inscrutabilis areas, per ipsas tremebiles aufra-
 quis avernī : adesto ô Behemoth, tu cas per via fuit. Magnatum scri-
 nia ; veni, per Nodis & tembrarum abdita profundissima ; per la-
 bientia sydera ; per ipsas motus horarum furtivos, Hecate'sq; altum
 silentium : Appare in forma spiritali, Incerto splendida & amabilis.*

Thunder. *Ascendit.*

Beb. What would the holy Frier ?

Frier. I would see
 What now the Monsieur and *Monsfurrie* doe ;
 And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
 Offer'd to Count *Monsfurri*, longing much
 To know on what events the secret loves
 Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

Beb. Why call'dst thou me to this accursed light,
 To these light purposes ? I am Emperor
 Of that inscrutable darkness, whereare hid
 All deepest truths, and secrets never scene,
 All which I know, and command Legions
 Of knowing spirits that can doe more then these.
 Any of this my guard that circke me
 In these blew fices, and out of whose dim fumes
 Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds
 Articulat voyces, can doe ten parts more
 Than open such slight-truths, as you require.

Frier. From the last nights black depth, I call'd upon you & w
Of the inferior ableft Ministers,
And he could not resolve me ; send one th'me, who hold wth
Out of thine owne command, to fetch the paper. I shewd him w
That Monsieur hath to shew to Count Montferry.

Beb. I will : *Cartophylax* thou that properly w
Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,
Glide through all barres to it, and fetch that paper.

Car. I will. *A Torch removes.*

Frier. Till he returns (great prince of darknesse)
Tell me, if Monsieur and the Count Montferry
Are yet encounter'd.

Beb. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Frier. Shew us all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beb. The spirit will strait return, and then Ile shew thee :
See he is come ; why brought'st thou not the paper ?

Cart. He bath prevented me, and got a spirit
Rais'd by another, great in our command,
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beb. This is your slacknesse, not t' invoke our powers,
When first your acts set forth to their effects ;
Yet shall you see it, and themselves : behold
They come here & the Earle now holds the paper. *Ent. Mons.*

D'Amb. May we not heare them ? *Guis. Mons.*

Mons. No, be still and see. *with a paper*

D'Amb. I will goe fetch the paper.

Frier. Doe not stirre.
There's too much distance, and too many locks
Twixt you and them : (how neere so e're they scene).
For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. O honour'd spirit, sile into the fancie
Of my off rided Lord : and doe not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath written.

Pre. Perswas'on hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection ; peace till their departure.

Mons. There is a glasse of ink where you may see

Now

How to make ready black fac'd Tragedy :
You now discerne, I hope through all her paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles, and fames sepulchres.

Gus. Think you he faines my Lord ? what hold you now ?
Doe we maligne your wife : or honour you ?

Mons. What stricken dumb ? nay sic, Lord be not danted :
Your face is common : were it ne're so rare
Bearc it as rarely : now to laugh were manly :
A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests : and being cleare is silent.

Gus. Goe home my Lord, and force your wife to write
Such loving lines to *D'Ambois* as she us'd
When she desir'd his presence.

Mons. Doe my Lord,
And make her name her conceald messenger :
That close and most inennerable Pander
That passeth all our studies to exquise :
By whom convey the letter to her love :
And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge ;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arras of your stoutest men
All close and soundly arm'd : and let them share
A spirit amongt them, that would serve a thousand.

Enter Pero with a Letter.

Gus. Yet stay a little : see she sends for you.

Mons. Poore, loving Lady, she'll make all goodyer,
Think you not so my Lord ? *Exit Mons.* and stabs *Pero*.

Gus. Alas poore soule.

Mons. This was cruelly done y'faith.

Pero. T'was nobly done.

And I forgive his Lordship from my soule.

Mons. Then much good doo't thee *Pero* : hast a letter ?

Pero. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gus. To you my Lord.

Mons. To me ? Now out upon her.

Gus. Let me see my Lord.

Mons. You shall presently know how fares my *Per. Enter Servant.*
Who's there ? take in this Maid, she's caught in a clasp, woe !
And fetch my Surgeon to her ; Come my Lord, *Enter Frier.*
We'll now peruse our letter. *Exit Mons. Guise.*

Per. Furies rise *Lead her out.*
Out of the black lines, and torment his soule.

Tam. Hath my Lord slain my woman ?
Beb. No, she lives.
Frier. What shall become of us ?
Beb. All I can say
Being call'd thus late, is briefe, and darkly this is so :
If D' Ambois Mistresse did not her white hand
In his torc'd blood, he shall remaine untouched :
So Father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe
To make this Augurie plainer : when the voyce
Of D' Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise,
Shining in greater light, and shew him all
That will betide ye all ; meane time be wise,
And curb his valour, with your policies. *D' Ambois cum suis.*

Buff. Will he appeare to me, when I invoke him ?

Frier. He will be faine.

Buff. It must be shortly then :
For his dark words have tyed my thoughts on knots
Till he dissolve, and free them.

Tam. In meane time
Deare servant, till your powerfull voyce revoke him,
Be sure to use the policy he advised :
Lost fary in your too quick knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
Accuse me more than any enemy :
And Father, you must on my Lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the Churches power,
To temper his hot spirit : and disperce
The cruelty and the blood, I know his hand
Will showre upon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storme, and hold it up,
As my deare servant here must doe with Monsieur.

Buff. Ile sooth his plots, and strow my hate with stones,
Till

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood :
Ile bind his arme in silk, and rub his flesh,
To make the veine fwell, that his soule may gush
Into some kennell, where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flanckt with policy,
Yet shall the feeling center where we meet
Groane with the wait of my approaching feet :
Ile make th'inspired threshols of his Court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
Before I enter ; yet will I appreare
Like calme security, before a mine :
A Politician, must like lightning rock
The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
His wayes must not be seene, the superficies
Of the greene center must not taste his feet ;
When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts,
And all his harvest reapt by hellish facts.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

Monsfury bare, unbryc't, pulling Tamys in by the haire,
Frier, One bearing light; a bludifl and paper.
which sets a Table.

Tamy. O Help me Farter.
Frier. Impious Earle forbear.
Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
The King shall force her.
Monsfury. Tis not violent; come you not willingly?
Tamy. Yes good my Lord.
Frier. My Lord remember that your soule shall seek,
Her peace, as well as your revengefull blood :
You ever to this hour have prov'd your selfe
A noble, zealous, and obedient sonne,
Your holy mother Beuerian Aspiture :

Your wifes offence servs not, (were it the worl
You can imagine, without greater proofes)
To sever your eternall bonds, and hearts ;
Much lesse to touch her with a bloody hand :
Nor is it manly (much lesse husbandly)
To expiate any frailty in your wife,
With churlish strokes, or beastly odds of strength :
The stony birth of clowds, will touch no lawrell,
Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your lawrell,
And sweetest sleeper ; doe not touch her then
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour,
To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
But to set off her other excellency.

Mont. Good Father leave us : interrupt no more
The course I must runne for mine honour sake,
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish : will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love,
And through what maze he serv'd it, we are friends.

Frier. It is a damn'd work to pursue those secrets,
That would ope more sinne, and prove springs of slaughter ;
Nor is't a path for Christian feet to tread ;
But out of all way to the health of soules ;
A sinne impossible to be forgiven :
Which he that dares commit — — —

Mont. Good Father cease : your terrors
Tempt not a man distracted ; I am apt
To ourrages that I shall ever rue :
I will not passe the verge that bounds a Christian,
Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Com. Therheaven inspire you both with thoughts and deedes
Worthy his high respect, and your owne soules.

Tamy. Father. *Frier.* I warrant thee my dearest daughter
He will not touch thee, think'st thou him a Pagan ;
His honor and his soule lies for thy safety. *Exit.*

Mont. Who shall remove the mountaine from my brest,
Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,

And set fit out-cries for a soule in hell ?
 For now it nothing fits my woes to speak,
 But thunder, or to take into my throat
 The trump of Heaven ; with whose determinate blasts
 The windes shall burst, and the devouring seas
 Be drunk up in his bounds ; that my hot woes
 (Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
 Ascending from my infamie unscene ;
 Shorten the world, preventing the last breath
 That kills the living, and regenerates death.

I amy . My Lord, my fault (as you may censure it)
 With too strong arguments) is past your pardon :
 But how the circumstances may excuse mee
 Heaven knowes; and your more temperate minde hereafter
 May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter ? Tis a suppos'd infinite,
 That froin this point will rise eternally :
 Fame growes in going ; in the scapes of vertue
 Exeutes damne her : They be fires in Cities
 Enrag'd with those winds that lese lights extinguish :
 Come Syren, sing, and dash against my rocks
 Thy ruffin Gally, ri'd with quench for lust :
 Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
 With which thou drew'st into thy trumpets lap
 The spa wne of Venus ; and in which ye danc'd ;
 That, in thy laps steed, I may digge his tombe,
 And quit his manhood with a womans sleight,
 Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
 Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eyes
 The mists that hide the most inscrutable Pandar
 That ever lapt up an adulterous vomit :
 That I may see the devill, and survive
 To be a devill, and then learne to wive :
 That I may hang him, and then cut him downe,
 Then cut him up, and with my soules beams search
 The cranks and cavernes of his braine, and study
 The errant wildernes of a womans face ;
 Where men cannot get out, for all the Comets

.That

That have borne lighted at it ; though they know
That Adders lie a sunning in their miles,
That Basilisks drink their poyson from their eyes,
And no way thence to cast out to their hearts ;
Yet still they wonder there, and are not stay'd.
Till they be fetter'd, nor scur'e before it ,
All cares devour them, nor in humours comfort
Till they embrace within their wives two beasts
All Pelion and Cytherea with their beasts.
Why write you not ?

Tam. O, good my Lord forbear
In wreake of great faults to engender greater,
And make my Loves corruption generate murther.

Mont. It followes needfully as childe and parent ;
The chaine-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murther ; tis thine owne deare twinne :
No man can adde height to a womans sinne.
Vice never doth her lust hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under vertues cloake.
Write ; For it must be aby this rubble steele,
By this impartiall tortore, and the death
Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
To quicken life in dying, and hold up
The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
Torments in ashes, that will ever last i bis ;
Speak : Will you write ?

Tam. Sweet Lord enjoy me my sinnes dely foodes and riche A
Some other penance than what makes it worse,
Hide in some gloomy dungeon of my lovd face,
And let condemned murthers let me downe
(Stopping their noses) my abhorred food.
Hang me in chaines, and let me starve these names
That have offended : Bind me face to face
To some dead woman, taken from the Cart
Of Execution, till death mid time
In graine of dust dissolve me, me andre
Or any torture that your wrathes invention
Can fright all pitie from the world wthall :

But

But to betray a friend with show of friendship,
That is too common for the rare revenge
Your rage affecteth ; here then are my breasts,
Last night your pillows ; here my wretched arms,
As late the wished confines of your life :
Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mons. Where all these have bin broken, they are kept,
In doing their justice there with any show
Of the like cruell cruelty : These arms have lost
Their priviledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Tam. O Lord.

Mons. Till thou writ'st
Ile write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. O kill me, kill me.
Dear husband be not crueler than death ;
You have beheld some Gorgon : Feels, O feels
How you are turn'd to stone ; with my heart blood
Dissolve your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all Tyrannie.

Mons. As thou art of adultery, I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster :
Thus I expressio thee yet. *Stabs her againe.*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mons. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done yet,
This toolc hath wrought enough now. Torture us !
This other engine on th'habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude,
Use the most madding paines in her that ever
Thy venom souk'd thorough, making most of death ;
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
Stand vengeance on thy steepet rock a victor.

Tam. O who is turn'd into my Lord and husband ?
Husband ? My Lord ? None but my Lord and husband ?
Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sinnes,
Not of my paines : husband, O help me husband,

Ascendit Frier with a sword drayne.

Frier. What rape of honour and religion
O wrack of nature ! *Falls and dies.*

Tam. Poore man ! O my Father,
Farher, look up ; O let me downe my Lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodiges,
What new flame breakes out of the firmament,
That turnes up counsels never knowne before ?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands still ;
Even Heaven it selfe must see and suffer ill :
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back-part upwards, and with that she braves
This Hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mockt :
The gravity of her religious face,
(Now growne too waighty with her sacriledge,
And here discern'd sophistigate enough)
Turnes to th' Antipodes : and all the formes
That her illusions have imprest in her,
Have eaten through her back : and now all see,
How she is riveted With hypoerisic :
Was this the way ? was he the mean betwixt you ?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tamy. I will, I will.
Ile write, but with my bloud that he may see,
These lines come from my wounds & not from me. *writes.*

Mont. Well might he die for thought : me thinkes the frame
And shaken joyns of the whole world should crack
To see her parts so disproportionate ;
And that his generall beauty cannot stand
Without these staines in the particular man.
Why wander I so farre ? here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots ; oh what a lightning
Is mans delight in women ? what a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries ?
Since all earths pleasures are so short and small,

The

The way t'enjoy it, is t'abjure it all.

Enough : I must be messenger my selfe,
Disguis'd like this strange creature : in, Ille after,
To see what guilty light gives this Cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties.

Exeunt.

*He puts the Friar in the vault and follows, She raps her self in the
Enter Monsieur and Guise.*

(Arras.

Mons. Now shall we see that nature hath no end
In her great works, responsive to their worths,
That she that makes so many eyes and soules
To see, and fore-see, is stark blind her selfe,
And as illiterate men say, Latine prayers
By rote of heart, and dayly iteration,
Not knowing what they say ; so Nature layes
A deale of stiffe together, and by use
Or by the mere necessity of matter
Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty
Of strength, or vertue, error, or cleare truth,
Not knowing what she does, but usually
Gives that which she calls metier to a man,
And belief must arrive him on huge riches,
Honour, and happiness, that effects his ruine.
Even as in ships of warre whole lasts of powder
Are laid (me thinks) to make them last and guard,
When a disorder'd spark that powder taking,
Blowes up with sodaine violence and horror
Ships that (kept empty) had sayl'd long with terror.

Guise. He that observes but like a worldly man
That which doth oft succeed, and by th'events
Values the worth of things, will think it true
That Nature works at random, just with you:
But with as much proportion she may make
A thing that from the feet up to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabriques man should have,
And leave it headlesse for a perfect man ;
As give a full man valour, vertue, learning,
Without an end more excellent then those
On whom she no such worthy part bestowes.

Mons. Yet shall you see it here, here will be one
 Young, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full mann'd,
 One on whom nature spent so rich a hand,
 That with an omious eye she wept to see
 So much confum'd her vertuous treasurie.
 Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
 And (since it lets them passe through) let's it stand;
 But a tree solid (since it gives no way
 To their wild rage) they rend up by the root :
 So this whole man
 (That will not wind with every crooked way,
 Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall
 Before the frantick puffs of blind borne chance;
 That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance:
 Not so the Sea raves on the Libian sands,
 Tumbling her billowes in each others neck :
 Not so the surges of the Euxian Sea
 (Neere to the frosty pole, where free Bootes
 From those dark deep vvaves turnes his radiant teame,)
 Swell (being enrag'd even from their inmost drop),
 As fortune swings about the restlesse state
 Of vertue, now throwne into all mens hate.

Enter Mons. surry disguis'd with the mu'therers.
 Away my Lord, you are perfectly disguis'd,
 Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Mons. Speed me vengeance.

Exit.

Mons. Resolve my Masters, you shall meet with one
 Will try what proofes your privy coats are made on :
 When he is entred, and you hear us stamp,
 Approach, and make all sure.

Murth. We vvill my Lord.

Exeunt.

D' Amb. *With two Pages with Tapers.*

D' Amb. Sit up to nighr, and vvatch, Ile speak vwith none
 But the old Frier, who bring to me.

Po. We will Sir.

Exeunt.

D' Amb. What violent heat is this ? me thinks the fire
 Of twenty lives doth on a suddaine flash
 Through all my faculties : the ayre goes high.

In this close chamber, and the frighted earth
Trembles, and shrank beneath me ; the whole house
Nods with his shaken burthen : blesse me, heaven.

*Thunder,**Enter Umb. Friar.*

Vmb. Note what I want deare sonne, and be fore-warn'd.
O there are bloody deeds past and to come :
I cannot stay, a fate doth ravish me :

Ile meet thee in the chamber of thy love.

Exit.

D' Amb. What dismal change is here ? the good old Frier
Is murther'd ; being made knowne to serve my love ;
And now his restless spirit would fore-warne me
Of some plot dangerous, and imminent.

Note what he wants ? he wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body : which of these
Should be the want he incanes, and may supply me
With any fit fore-warning ? this strange vision,

(Together with the dark prediction

Us'd by the Prince of darknesse that was rais'd
By this embodied shadow) stirre my thoughts
With reminiscion of the Spirits promise ;

Who told me, that by any invocation
I should have power to raise him ; though it wanted
The powerfull vwords, and decent rites of Art ;
Never had my set braine such need of spirit,

T'instruct and cheere it ; now then I will claime

Performance of his free and gentle vow,

T'appeare in greater light ; and make more plain

His rugged Oracle : I long to know

How my deare Mistresse fates, and be inform'd

What hand she now holds on the troubled blond

Of her incensed Lord : me thought the Spirit

'When he had utter'd his perplext presage)

I threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds ;

His forehead bent, as it would hide his face ;

He knockt his chin against his daikned breast,

And struck a churlish silence through his pow'rs.

Terror of darknesse, O thou King of flames,

That with thy Musique-footed horse dost strike

The cleare light out of chrystall, on dark earth,
And hurlst instructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsie and enchanted night,
That sleepes with dead eyes in this heavy riddle ;
Or thou great Prince of shadys where never sunne
Stickes his far-darted beames, whose eyes are made
To shine in darknesse, and see ever best
Where men are blindest, open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that for feare
Of some ill it includes would faine lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum suo.

Sp. Thus to observe my vow of apparition
In greater light, and explicate thy fate,
I come ; and tell thee that if thou obey
The summons that thy mistresse next will send thee,
Her hand shall be thy death.

D'Amb. When will she send ?

Sp. Soone as I set againe, where late I rose.

D'Amb. Is the old Frier slaine ?

Sp. No, and yet lives not.

D'Amb. Died he a naturall death ?

Sp. He did.

D'Amb. Who then will my deare mistresse send ?

Sp. I must not tell thee.

D'Amb. Who lets thee ?

Sp. Fate.

D'Amb. Who are fates ministers ?

Sp. The Guise and Monsieur.

D'Amb. A fit paire of sheeres
To cut the threds of Kings, and kingly spirits,
And consorts fit to sound forth harmony,
Set to the fols of Kingdones shall the hand
Of my kind Mistresse kill me.

Sp. If thou yeeld, *Thunders.*
To her next summons, y'are faire warnd : farewell.

D'Amb. I must fare well, how ever : though I die

My death consenting with his augurie ;
 Should not my powers obey when she commands,
 My motion must be rebell to my will :
 My will to life, if when I have obey'd,
 Her hand should so reward me : they must arme it,
 Binde me or force it : or I lay my life
 She rather would convert it many times
 On her owne bosome, even to many deaths :
 But were there danger of such violence,
 I know 'tis farre from her intent to send :
 And who she should send is as farre from thought,
 Since he is dead, whose only mean she us'd. *Knocks.*
 Whose there ? look to the dore : and let him in,
 Though politick Monsieur, or the violent Guise.

*Enter Montsury like the Frier, with a Letter
 written in bloud.*

Mont. Haile to my worthy sonne.

D'Amb. O lying Spirit !

To say the Frier was dead; Ile now beleeve
 Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
 My kinde and honour'd Father, well reviv'd,
 I have beeene frighted with your death, and mine,
 And told my Mistresse hand should be my death
 If I obeyed this summons.

Mont. I beleev'd your loue had bin much clearer, then to give
 Any such doubt a thought, for she is cleare,
 And having freed her husbands jealousie,
 (Of which her much abus'd hand here is witness:) She prayses for urgent cause your instant p'rense.

D'Amb. Why then your prince of spirits may be call'd
 The prince of lyers.

Mont. Holy writ so callshim.

D'Amb. What ? writ in bloud ?

Mont. I, 'tis the ink of lovers.

D'Amb. O, 'tis a sacred witness: of her love.
 So much elixer of her bloud as this
 Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firme
 As heat to fire : and like to all the signes,

Commands

Commaunds the life confinde in all my velnes ;
O how it multiplies my bloud with spirit,
And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell ;
But, come kinde Father ; you fetch me to heaven ;
And to that end your holy weed was given.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Intrat Vmbra Frier, and discovers Tamra.

Frier. Up with these stupid thoughts, still loved daughter,
And strike away this heartless trance of anguish,
Be like the Sunne, and labour in eclipses,
Look to the end of woes : oh can you see
Mustering the horrors of your servants slaughter
Before your contemplation, and not study
How to prevent it ? watch when he shall rise,
And with a suddaine out-crie of his murther,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Tamra. O Father, have my dumb woes wak'd your death ?
When will our humane grieses be at their height ?
Man is a tree, that hath no top in eares ;
No root in comforts ; all his power to live
Is given to no end, but have power to grieve.

Frier. It is the misery of our creation. Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tamyr. But my dearest Father,
Why will not you appeare to him your selfe,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him.

Frier. My power is limited, alas I cannot,
All that I can doe — See the Cave opens.

D'Amboys at the guise.

Tamyr. Away (my Love) away, thou wilt be murther'd.

Enter Monsieur and Guise above.

D' Amb. Murther'd ? I know not what that Hebrew means :
That word had ne're bin nam'd had all bin *D' Ambeis*.
Murther'd ? By heaven he is my murtherer
That shewes me not a murtherer : what such bugge
Abhorreth not the very sleepe of *D' Ambeys* ?
Murther'd ? Who dares give all the room I see
T' D' Ambeis reach ? or look with any odds

Hic

His fight i'th face, upon whose hand fits death ;
Whose sword hath wings, and every feather pierceth ?
If I escape Monsieurs Pothecarie Shops,
Foutir, for Guises Shambles, 'twas ill plotted
They should have mall'd me here,
When I was rising, I am up and ready.
Let in my politique visitants, let them in,
Though entring like so many moving armours,
Fate is more strong than arms, and sic than treason,
And I at all parts buckl'd in my Fate :

Mons. Guise. Why enter not the coward villains?

D' Amb. Dare they not come ?

Enter murtherers with Frier at the other dore.

Tam. They come.

Mursh. 1. Come all at once.

Frier. Back coward murtherers, back.

Omn. Defendus heaven. *Exeunt all but the first.*

1. Come ye not on ?

D' Amb. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firme ? Will it not enter here ?

You have a face yet : so in thy lifes flame

I burne the first rites to my Mistresse fame.

Frier. Breath thee brave sonne against the other charge.

D' Amb. O is it true then that my sensc first told me ?

Is my kind Father dead ?

Tam. He is my Love.

I'was the Earle my husband in his weed that brought thee.

Buss. That was a speeding sleight, and well resembled.

Where is that angry Earle my Lord ? Come forth

And shew your owne face in your owne affaire ;

Take not into your noble veines the blood

Of these base villaines, nor the light reports

Of blister'd tongues, for cleare and weighty truth :

But me against the world, in pure defence

Of your rare Lady, to whose spotless name

I stand here as a bulwark, and project

A life to her renowne, that ever yet

Hath beene untainted ev'n in envies eye,

And where it would protect a Sanctuarie,
Brave Earle come forth, and keep your scandall in :
'Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot,
Nor the wreake yours if you performe it not.

Enter Mont. with all the murtherers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off ?
They are your owne faint spirits that have forg'd
The fearefull shadowes that your eyes deluded :
The fiend was in you ; cast him out then thus.

D'Ambois hath Monsurrie downe.

Tam. Favour (my Lord) my Love, O favour him.

Pistol's shot within.

D'Amb. I will not touch him : Take your life, my Lord,
And be appeas'd : O then the coward Fates
Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their honour,

Umb. What have ye done slaves ? irreligious Lord ?

Buff. Forbear them, Father ; 'tis enough for me
That Guise and Monsieur, death and destinie
Come behind *D'Ambois* : is my body then
But penetrable flesh ? And must my mind
Follow my blood ? Can my divine part adde
No ayd to th' earthly in extremity ?

Then these divines are but for forme, not fact :
Man is of two sweet Courtly friends compact ;

A Mistresse and a servant : let my death
Define life nothing but a Couriers breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abstract being a dreame but of a shade,
Ile not complaince to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death.

And if *Vespasian* thought in majestic
An Emperour might die standing, why not I ?
Nay without help, in which I will exceed him ;
For he died splinted with his chamber Groomes.

Prop me, true sworde, as thou hast ever done :
The equall thought I beare of life and death,
Shall make me faint on no side ; I am up
Here like a Roman Statue ; I will stand

*She offers to
help him.*

Till

Till death hath made me Marble : O my fame
Live in despight of murther ; take thy wings
And hast thee where the gray-ey'd morn perfumes
Her Rohe chariot with Sabæan spices,
Fly, where the evening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders, *Hecate* :
Crown'd with a Grove of Oakes : flic where men feele
The burning axeltree : and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Beate :
And tell them all that *D' Ambois* now is hasting
To the eternall dwellers ; that a thunder
Of all their sighes together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthlesse fall
With a fit volley for my funerall.

Vmb. Forgive thy murtherers.

Buff. I forgive them all ;
And you my Lord, their fautor ; for true signe
Of which unfain'd remission, take my sword ;
Take it, and onely give it motion,
And it shall finde the way to victory
By his owne brightnesse, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into't, with charmes of spirit.
Now let me pray you, that my weighty bloud
Laid in one scale of your impertiall spleene,
May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
Waid in the other : and be reconcil'd
With all forgivenesse to your matchlesse wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me deare servant, and this hand
That lead thy life to this unworthy end,
Forgive it, for the bloud with which 'tis stain'd,
In which I writ the summons of thy death :
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By this here in my bosome : and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands embrew'd
For thy deare pardon.

Buff. O, my heart is broken
Fate, nor these murtherers, Monsieur, nor the Guise,
Have any glory in my death, but this :

This killing spectacle : this prodigie :
My sunne is turn'd to blood in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
Laid on my heart and liver ; from their veines)
Melt like two hungry torrents : eating rocks
Into the Ocean of all humane life,
And make it bitter, only with my bloud :
O fraile condition of strength, valour ; vertue
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steepe Beacon, on a steeper hill)
Made to expresse it : like a falling starre
Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt,
Look't to have stuck and shook the firmament.

Moritour.

Vmb. Frier. Farewell brave reliques of a compleat man.
Look up and see thy spirit made a starre,
Zove flames with her rules, and when thou set'st
Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast chrystall crack with thy receipt :
Spread to a world of fire, and the aged skie
Cheere with new sparks of old humanity.

Frier. Son of the earth, whom my unrested soule
Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven ;
Assay to gratulate and pacifie,
The soule fled from this worthy by performing
The Christian reconcilment he besought
Betwixt thee and thy Lady, let her wounds
Manlesly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
With balme of thine owne tearies : or be assur'd
Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this : still kneeling by
And mourning his fall, more than her own fault.

Vmb. Remove, deare daughter, and content thy husband :
Saciety wills thee, and thy servants peace.

Tamy. O wretched piety, that art so distract
In thine owne constancie ; and in thy right
Must be unrighteous : if I right my friend
I wrong my husband : if his wrong I shunne,
The duty of my friend I leave undone ;

Ill playes on both sides ; here and there, it riseth ;
No place : no good so good, but ill compriseth ;
O had I never married but for forme,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive :
Never made conscience of any sinne,
But clok't it privately, and made it common :
Nor never honour'd becene, in blood, or mind,
Happy had I becene then, as others are
Of the like licence ; I had then becene honour'd :
Liv'd without envie : custome had benumb'd
All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty :
My fame had becene untouch'd, my heart unbroken :
But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
O husband ? deare friend ? O my conscience !

Mons. Come let's away, my scences are not proofe
Against those plaints. — *Excess Guise, Mons.*
D'Ambois is borne off.

Mons. I must not yeeld to pity nor to love
So servile and so trayterous : ccafe my bloud
To wrastle with my honour, fame, and judgement :
Away, forsake my house, forbearre complaints
Where thou hast bred them : here all things full,
Of their owne shame and sorrow, leave my house.

Tam. Sweet Lord forgive me, and I will be gone,
And till these wounds, that never balme shall close
Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them
(Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd
I never more will grieve you with my fight :
Never endure that any roofe shall part
Mine eyas and heaven : but to the open Deserts
(Like to a hunted Tygres) I will flic :
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arriv'd.

Mons. I doe forgive thee, and upon my knees
With hands (held up to heaven) wish that mine honour
W could suffer reconcilement to my Love :
But since it will not, honour, never serve
My Love with flourishing object till it sterye :

And as this Taper, though it upwards look,
Downwards must needs consume, so let our love;
As having lost his hony, the sweet taste
Runnes into favour, and will needs retaine
A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
It fees and dyes; so let our love: And lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keepes his luster: but, being thus turn'd downe
(His naturall course of usefull light inverted)
His owne stiffe puts it out: so let our love
Now turne from me, as here I turne from thee,
And may both points of heavens strait axeltree
Conjoyne in one, before thy selfe and me. *Exhort severally.*

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.



Epilogue.

(slaine,

With many hands you have scene D'Ambois
Yet by your grace he may revive againe,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.
The best deserving Actors of the time
Had their ascents; and by degrees did clime
To their full heighth, a place to studie due
To make him tread in their path lies in you;
Hee le not forget his Makers; but still prové
His thankfulness as you encrease your love.

F I N I S.
